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By the men . . . for the men in the service

SUPERFORTRESSES

A YANK Reporter Sees B-29 Bombs Fall on Japan

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A YANK reporter describes trip to Nippon's Pittsburgh in a Superfortress of the new Twentieth Air Force.

Sgt. LOU STOUMEN
YANK Staff Correspondent

A FORWARD AIR BASE IN CHINA [By Radio]—For three weeks I had sweated out a ride on one of the B-29 Superfortresses that were going to bomb Japan. Luck finally came my way just two hours before take-off. I was given the chance to flip a coin with a British civilian correspondent for the last seat. "Tails," I called, as he tossed an Indian coin in the air. Tails it was. He tossed the coin again. Tails a second time. I grabbed a parachute and rushed to the field.

Brig. Gen. Kenneth B. Wolfe, the homely, smiling commanding general of the XX Bomber Command, was sitting in a jeep in front of Operations and looking unusually glum. He had just received orders from Washington not to fly with the mission he had planned for so long. Brig. Gen. La Verne G. Saunders, wing commander of the XX, who has a lot of South Pacific B-17 combat flying time under his belt, was going to fly this mission to represent the higher brass.

Soon I was drawing my equipment. I replaced my parachute with another, because mine had no jungle kit attached. I also drew a helmet with earphones and an oxygen mask, a rubber Mae West life jacket, a plastic-boxed survival kit (fishhooks, dextrose tablets, first-aid materials and other stuff), a pointie-talkie book of Chinese and English phrases in parallel columns, a heavy steel-filled flak suit and certain confidential material.

They told me that, except in an emergency, there was no need to take oxygen; one of the secrets of the B-29 is its sealed pressure cabin, which makes possible normal breathing and movement without oxygen at any altitude. I was also told the target: Yawata, the juiciest industrial center in all Japan, home of the Imperial Iron and Steel Works.

"Crew inspection! Let's go!" Capt. R. A. Harte of Lafayette, Ind., plane commander and pilot of our B-29, was speaking. The enlisted crewmen lined up in front of the silver Superfortress and alongside the big black letters K-26 on her nose. Each man showed his dogtags to Capt. Harte; each said yes, he carried an extra pair of socks. Then the captain, unsmiling, made a brief speech.

"We have," he said, "a pretty fair ship and a pretty good chance of coming back without a scratch. We are going to take as much cover as possible from the clouds. We won't take cover at the expense of hitting the target. If any plane pokes her nose near us, you know what to do. We take off in about 10 minutes. Man your stations!"

The B-29 needs a longer runway for take-off than any other plane. I stood on my knees during the take-off and looked out of a side blister as the ship, the world's heaviest aircraft, pounded and blasted her way down the runway. The strip unfolded like a never-ending drive belt of a factory motor, going by in slow motion until it seemed we had been roaring along for a full 10 minutes and were still not airborne. Then there was the green end of the runway, and we were skimming a few feet above trees and rice paddies.

During the take-off I also watched Sgt. D. L. Johnson of Rio, Ill., the right gunner; Sgt. R. G. Hurlburt of Gaines, Pa., the left gunner; S/Sgt. A. (for Algernon) Matulis, the chief gunner, and 2d Lt. Tash of New York, N. Y., the bombardier. They held on tight. When we were airborne, their faces cracked in smiles and their bodies eased. "She's a good ship," said Johnson as he wiped a wet hand across his face. "But some good guys get killed in take-offs."

That was the first of several sweating outs. A few miles out and a few hundred feet up, someone noticed the No. 2 engine smoking and reported it over the interphone to Capt. Harte. "Probably the fuel mixture's too rich," said Lt. Tash. And that's what it turned out to be; the smoking soon stopped. But the men sweated it out anyway. They were afraid the ship might have to turn back. As anxious as they were to return home safely, the dangers of the mission evidently meant much less to them than the danger of missing out on bombing Japan.

One ship did have to turn back, we learned later. The men returned only four hours after take-off, both GIs and officers with tears in their eyes, some of them openly crying and all of them cursing. The pilot kept repeating, over and over: "God damn the engines! God damn the engines! God damn the engines!"

After getting the plane commander's okay over the interphone, I followed Lt. Tash forward on hands and knees through the long padded tunnel over the bomb bay. Lt. Tash took his position in the greenhouse nose, and I kneeled over the hatch cover behind the pilot and next to the engineer, 2d Lt. G. I. Appognani of New York, N. Y. The engineer sits before a four-foot panel of dials, flashing lights, switches and control levers. He handles the main throttles for the four engines, controls the fuel supply and mixture, regulates the ship's electrical system and operates the pressure cabin's mechanism.

There was still light in the sky as we crossed the border of Free China into Occupied China, flying higher now, and began our next sweating out—waiting for interception by enemy fighters. There was a large force of B-29s on the mission, but we saw only an occasional plane ahead of us through the clouds or above and to the left of us. A B-29 needs elbow room to fly, to shoot and to bomb. This was not a formation flight.

Still no Jap fighters. It was dark now, and we were approaching the coast of China. Each man was wearing a Mae West over his parachute. The plane groaned on at terrific speed. There was practically no vibration inside and very little noise. In the cabin, the ride was as comfortable as a Pullman—a design for the airliners of the future. But the Jap fighters—where were they?

"We are four and a half hours from Japan," said 2d Lt. E. K. Johnson of Portland, Oreg., over the interphone. Then came the voice of Matulis: "No. 3 engine throwing a lot of sparks." The engineer, Lt. Appognani, looked out his window and confirmed this. No. 3 engine kept throwing sparks most of the way out and back. That was something else to sweat out.

The radio operator, Sgt. E. A. Gisburne of Norway, Maine, broke open a carton of rations and handed a candy bar to each man in the forward compartment. We were one short, and the engineer shared his bar with me. Candy never tasted so good. We downed it with long swigs of water from canteens. The engineer and the navigator also took benzedrine tablets, the same drug I remembered using back in school to keep awake for my final exams. By this time I was comfortably stretched out on the hatch cover in back of the pilot's, using my parachute and jungle kit as a bed. We were flying over the Yellow Sea toward Japan, but the sea was not visible; the weather was too dark and too cloudy.

AT last a voice came over the interphone: "We are approaching the target." Everyone began to struggle into his heavy flak suit, putting it on over the parachute, strapping it securely at the sides and pulling the bottom flap down over the thighs like a baseball catcher's chest protector. Only Capt. Harte and the co-pilot, Lt. Haddow, busy at the controls, didn't put on their flak suits.

We were over Japan now. Through breaks in the clouds I could see the ground below. The Japanese blackout was perfect. Then dead ahead, a faint white globe—Jap searchlights over Yawata, the target city.

The sharp voice of Matulis, the chief gunner, came over the interphone: "Tracers. They are coming right past the ship." There was a pause, then someone said: "Tracers, hell. It's only No. 3 engine throwing sparks again." He was right. Over the interphone came a chorus of wry laughs.

The searchlights were brighter now, but their dangerous pointing fingers were diffused through the undercast of clouds. The tail gunner, S/Sgt. F. G. Hodgen, said our tail was caught several times by lights. Apparently we were not seen through the clouds, and the lights moved on. Still no Jap fighters.

The target was just ahead. There was no fiery glow through the clouds to show it had already been hit. We had been the fourth plane to take off from the field and were evidently one of the first over the target.

Based in China, Superforts struck Japan.

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Landing strips were built by manpower. Here Chinese laborers give thumbs-up sign and shout *"Ding Hao!"*

Flak! The gunners said the sky was full of exploding ack-ack shells, some close, most of them beneath us. Intelligence reports confirmed this later, calling the ack-ack "moderate to intense." But I saw no flak.

Later we learned that searchlights caught one of the last planes over the target, the one on which Bill Shenkel, *Newsweek's* correspondent, was a passenger, and held it in a firm bracket of light until gunners shot it down with all four motors streaming fire.

Our bomb-bay doors were swinging open now, without noise and without making the rest of the ship vibrate. The bombs dropped, one by one, one by one. . . . Then, over the interphone: "Bombs away!" The doors closed.

The K-26 seemed to sprout an extra set of engines and props. At a terrifically increased speed, she made a sharp left turn and headed back toward the Yellow Sea. Over the interphone, tail gunner Hodgen yelled: "I can't see very much through the clouds, but there's a big glow over the target."

The clouds were still below us. B-29s that came in later could see, from 50 miles away, columns of smoke and fire rising 5,000 feet into the air. Yawata, the Pittsburgh of Japan, had been hit hard. This was no token raid but, as Brig. Gen. Wolfe put it, "the beginning of the organized destruction of the Japanese industrial empire."

We were still tense after the bomb run. The Jap fighters had not come up to meet us yet, and the sweating out continued. We left Japan without interception and flew out over the Yellow Sea.

An hour out and radio operator Gisburne broke into the ration box. For each man there was a large can of grapefruit juice, which we opened with jungle knives, and chicken sandwiches, not too expertly made. The bread was too thick. Good, though. We chewed gum and smoked.

Over the China coast—Occupied China—not a single fighter came up. 2d Lt. E. M. Greenberg of Brooklyn, N. Y., combat observer, had by this time crawled forward to his station amidships and was helping the engineer make fuel-tank adjustments. "You know," said Lt. Greenberg, "the Fourteenth Air Force must have done a hell of a good job with their B-24s over the Jap fighter fields in China." Being a last-minute passenger, I had missed the briefing, so he explained: "The Fourteenth went out yesterday and bombed the Jap fighter strips we're flying over now."

But still, the raids could not have knocked out every Jap plane in the area, and even if they had, that wouldn't explain why there were no fighters over Japan. Either we really caught them flat-footed or they were plenty scared of B-29 firepower. Probably both.

Time marched on like a crippled snail. We had been flying almost half a day. With the flak suits off again, we were more comfortable. The No. 3 engine was behaving well enough. My parachute-bed was soft. I slept.

Dawn over Free China: a wild, gray sky of tumultuous clouds, empty of aircraft. I crawled back through the tunnel and batted the breeze with the gunners for a while. Then I returned to the forward compartment. Capt. Harte and Lt. Haddow looked plenty different from the eager beavers who had coaxed the K-26 off the ground so many hours ago. Now their bloodshot eyes hung heavily over pouches that looked like squashed prunes. You'd have thought that someone had been beating them about the head with a rubber hose, judging by their appearance toward the end of this longest bombing mission in history.

"Fighters!" exclaimed Lt. Tash. He put his binoculars on them. They were ours—fast, high-altitude American fighters flying top cover over the B-29 fields. At last, at the dead center of our course, the home field came into sight. It looked miles long, even from our altitude. Loud flopping, banging noises came from the No. 3 engine. "Engineer to pilot," said a voice over the interphone, "don't count on No. 3 engine for landing." "Maybe," said Sgt. Gisburne, "we got hit by ack-ack after all. It sounds like No. 3 was hit." There was a burst of sparks from No. 3's exhaust, and the engineer said he was afraid the engine would catch fire.

We made a long, sharp bank and approached for the landing. No. 3 continued to bang and throw sparks, but it didn't get any worse. We came in fast, about 20 feet above the end of the runway. Gently Capt. Harte set her down, like a mother placing a child in a crib. We rolled a

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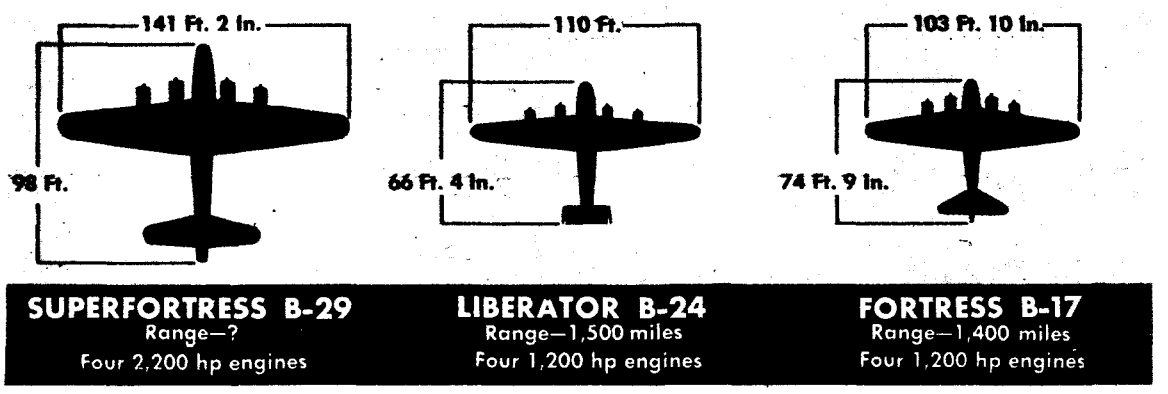
great distance, about the speed of a fast car on a U. S. highway. Then slower, without stopping, we turned and taxied to a parking strip. The crew piled out through the bottom hatches, limp and happy. Ground crewmen and intelligence officers were there to greet them.

While the handshaking and congratulations were still going on, M/Sgt. Herb Coggins of Nashville, Tenn., chief of the K-26's ground crew, was already walking around the ship with Lt. Appognani, the engineer, looking for flak holes.

Later, in the interrogation room, A-2 officers gave each man some egg sandwiches, coffee and suitable refreshments. Then the questioning began. When the intelligence reports were finally tallied up, it turned out that four B-29s had been lost—one shot down over the target, one unreported and two lost in accidents. The entire crew of one of these planes, which made a forced landing just this side of Occupied China after completing the bombing mission, came back two days later. The pilot was wounded in the eye when Japs strafed and bombed his grounded plane.

Back in the barracks, still sweating out their unreported buddies, the weary flight crews turned to their sacks. From beneath the mosquito-net cover on a bed came a last crack: "Somebody tell me a spooky story. I love to hear a spooky story before I go to sleep."



Superbases

A SUPERFORTRESS BASE, WESTERN CHINA—Half a million Chinese laborers, working from dawn till dusk and getting about 10 cents and a bowl of rice a day, built the vast system of forward airfields in China that made possible the first B-29 raid on the industrial heart of Japan.

Lt. Col. Waldo L. Kenerson of the U. S. Army Engineers, a native of Marblehead, Mass., supervised the construction of the air-base system, together with officials of the Chinese Ministry of Communications. The bases form a great Chinese fan covering many square miles of former riceland. Several of the fields are oversized and extra hard, so they can take the B-29s. Others are fighter fields, housing new high-altitude pursuit planes. Still others are outer-ring emergency fields.

Army engineers here compared the job with the building of the Burma Road and the Great Wall of China. But they said this project was so vast and so quickly accomplished that it has no parallel in history. Construction of the air-base system cost 6 billion inflated Chinese dollars (about 150 million dollars in U. S. currency).

On Apr. 24, 1944, just 90 days after the first dike was broken to drain the water from the rice paddies, the first B-29 landed on one of the airfields. It was piloted by Brig. Gen. Kenneth B. Wolfe, commanding general of the XX Bomber Command, and co-piloted by Brig. Gen. La Verne B. Saunders, a wing commander of the XX.

Exactly 26 American officers and enlisted men, plus a large corps of Chinese engineers and government officials, supervised the half-million Chinese coolies. Individual U. S. GIs, such as T/Sgt. Aaron Jones of Shelton, Conn., Sgt. Henry B. Dresen of Seattle, Wash., and T-5 B. W. Harwood of Laredo, Tex., had as many as 23,000 men working under them at one time.

Behind the building of the superbases was the epic building and proving of the B-29 Superfortress. Behind it was much sweat and long-range global planning by the General Staff in Washington—for the XX Bomber Command is accountable not to the local China-Burma-India command but directly to Gen. H. H. Arnold, CG of the AAF, and to the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Target dates for completion of the bases were set by President Roosevelt and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek at the Cairo Conference in November 1943. These dates were met and in some cases bettered.

Lt. Col. Kenerson, his small American staff and Chinese engineers began paper work in January 1944. Working 18 hours a day, they finished this part of the project in 20 days.

While the plans were still on the drawing boards, the preliminary draining and clearing of the land was already in progress, and the governor of "Air Base Province," under orders from Chungking, was already conscripting Chinese farmers for the heavy labor ahead. About 360,000 laborers were drafted that way.

The other 140,000 were employed as workers by private Chinese construction firms which had contracted to do various specific jobs, and as rice carriers, pay clerks, Red Cross workers and administrators servicing the armies of laborers.

Only in patient, hard-working China, with its manpower reservoir of 400 millions, could this job have been done in such jig time. "I doubt very much," said Lt. Col. Kenerson, "if we could require a job of similar magnitude in the States to be completed within the time allowed, even with the skilled labor and mechanical equipment available there."

The air-base labor draft hit the Chinese farmers hard. Already millions of China's fittest young men were in the Army, and many were dead. Old men, young boys, heads of families, women and young girls had to leave their homes and their growing crops in the hands of neighbors while they went to do unaccustomed manual labor on the airfields. These people were farmers, and they had to be taught the construction trade.

Families were broken up, crops were lost, the work was harder than any they had done before, and incomes dropped almost to the vanishing point in China's spiraling inflation. But the farmers of Air Base Province responded to the need with patience and good humor.

They moved out to the field sites in armies, as many as 110,000 on a single field. They smiled smiles of curiosity and genuine good-fellowship at the few Americans they met there, and exchanged thumbs-up signs and the words *"Ding Hao!* (Everything's okay!)" with them. And, best of all, the Chinese understood why they were working so hard—working all the time they were not eating or sleeping. Chinese propaganda units from Chungking explained to them why the Americans had come to China.

Specifications for the China air-base system were exceptionally rigid, for these fields were designed for the world's heaviest military planes. Slight dips and ridges that were okay on a B-24 or a B-17 field could not be tolerated here. And the high landing speed and long take-off run of the B-29 meant that the fields had to be longer than any forward combat fields ever built, so long that a man at one end of the strip could scarcely distinguish a man at the other.

THE rice paddies were drained. The soft century-old mud, sometimes six to nine feet deep, was carried away in the picturesque shoulder-borne tandem baskets so common throughout Asia. Tons of stones, worn round by the water, were carried from river beds to the strips in the same useful baskets. Larger boulders were patiently crushed with small sledges, the fragments were crushed again into gravel, the gravel was carried in the baskets to the strips. Acres of dirt were dug up with iron Chinese tools, a cross between a pick and a shovel. The dirt was carried to the strips in the baskets by never-ending queues of workers—men, women and children doing the job entirely by hand.

And then 10-ton rollers, some carved by hand from sandstone and others made of iron, were pulled on ropes by many hundreds of workers the wearying length and breadth of the strips. No bulldozers or other mechanical equipment had been flown across the Hump to do the job, although there were a very few trucks with very little gas on hand.

When the strips had been rolled, black tung oil—a tarlike substance that comes from a Chinese tree—was spread out to bind the dirt and gravel and help keep down the dust.

More than 80 Chinese workers lost their lives in construction accidents. The most terrible of these deaths were caused by the 10-ton rollers, which could not be stopped quickly. If an unlucky worker stumbled and fell in the path of one of these rollers, he was squashed into a bloody pancake—and the roller went on, for the work could not stop. Some 25 men died this way.

As barracks, built for the Americans at the expense of the Chinese government, went up, and as more U. S. administrative, ground and maintenance men flew in over the Hump to prepare for the coming operation, a new level of Chinese-American friendship was established. The Army and the U. S. Office of War Information brought American movies with Chinese titles to the laborers and townspeople. As many as 30,000 Chinese, few of whom had ever seen a movie before, craned their necks at one time on one flight strip to see an American film.

The Chinese reciprocated. Those who could afford to do so invited Americans to their homes, making no distinction between officers and GIs.

And when the B-29s roared back from Yawata, word of where they had been and what they had done spread quickly. Shouts of *"Ding Hao!"* were almost as loud as the motors of the B-29s, and Chinese grins of welcome to the flyers were almost as broad as the landing strips the Chinese had built with their own sweat and blood.

Thousands work to prepare the Superfort bases. Natives in construction crew tug on a mammoth 10-ton roller.

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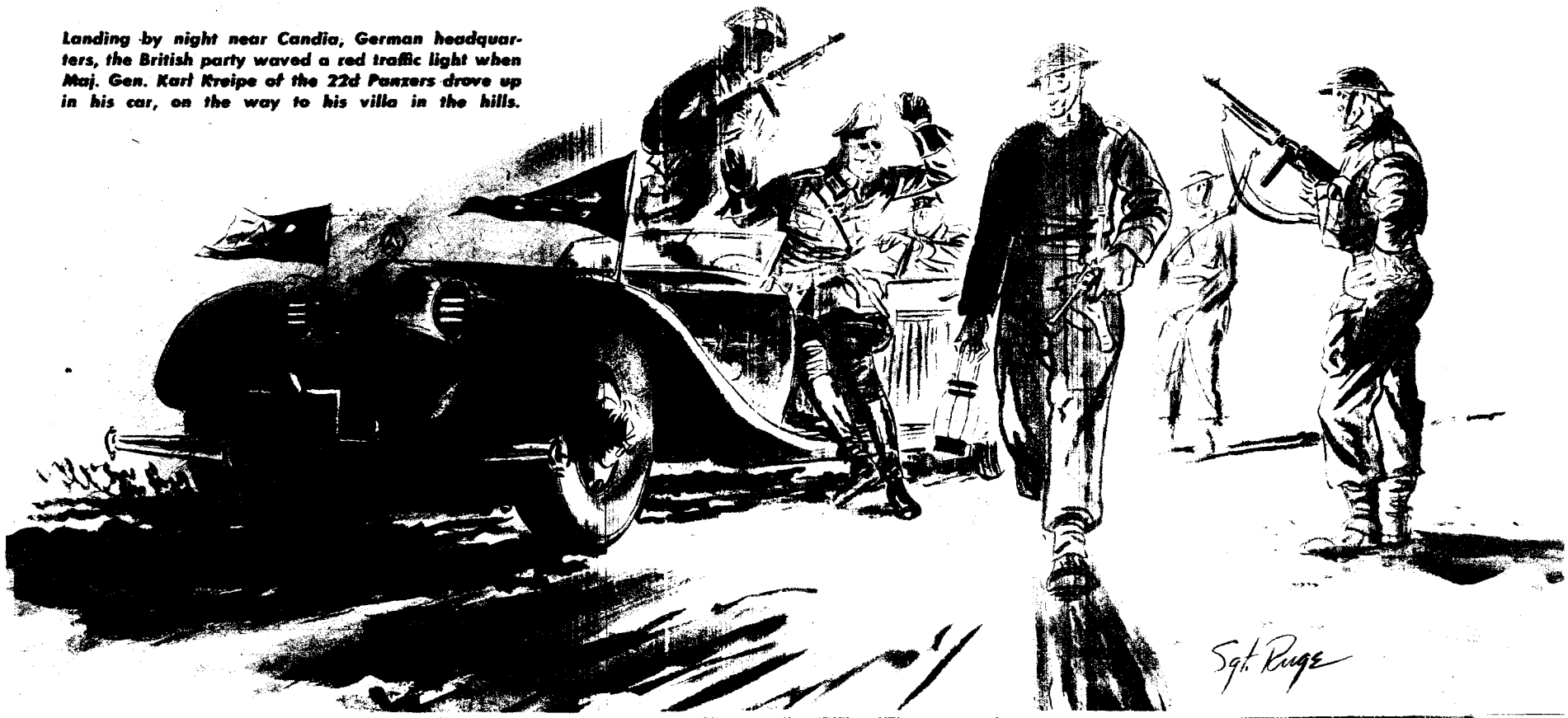
Kidnapping in Crete

How a handful of British raiders, sleeper agents and partisans captured the German commander in Crete in one of the war's most daring exploits



Landing by night near Candia, German headquarters, the British party waved a red traffic light when Maj. Gen. Karl Kreipe of the 22d Panzers drove up in his car, on the way to his villa in the hills.

A British officer took over the wheel, the top of the car was put [illegible] fuming general was forced to ride in a back seat between two watchful [illegible]

[illegible] German [illegible] flying from [illegible] presented arms as they [illegible] command British ditched it 30 miles beyond Candia.

Here the party embarked in a waiting British ship. The raiders left behind a taunting note to the Germans, expressing thanks. "By the time you read this, we'll be on our way to Cairo. See you soon."

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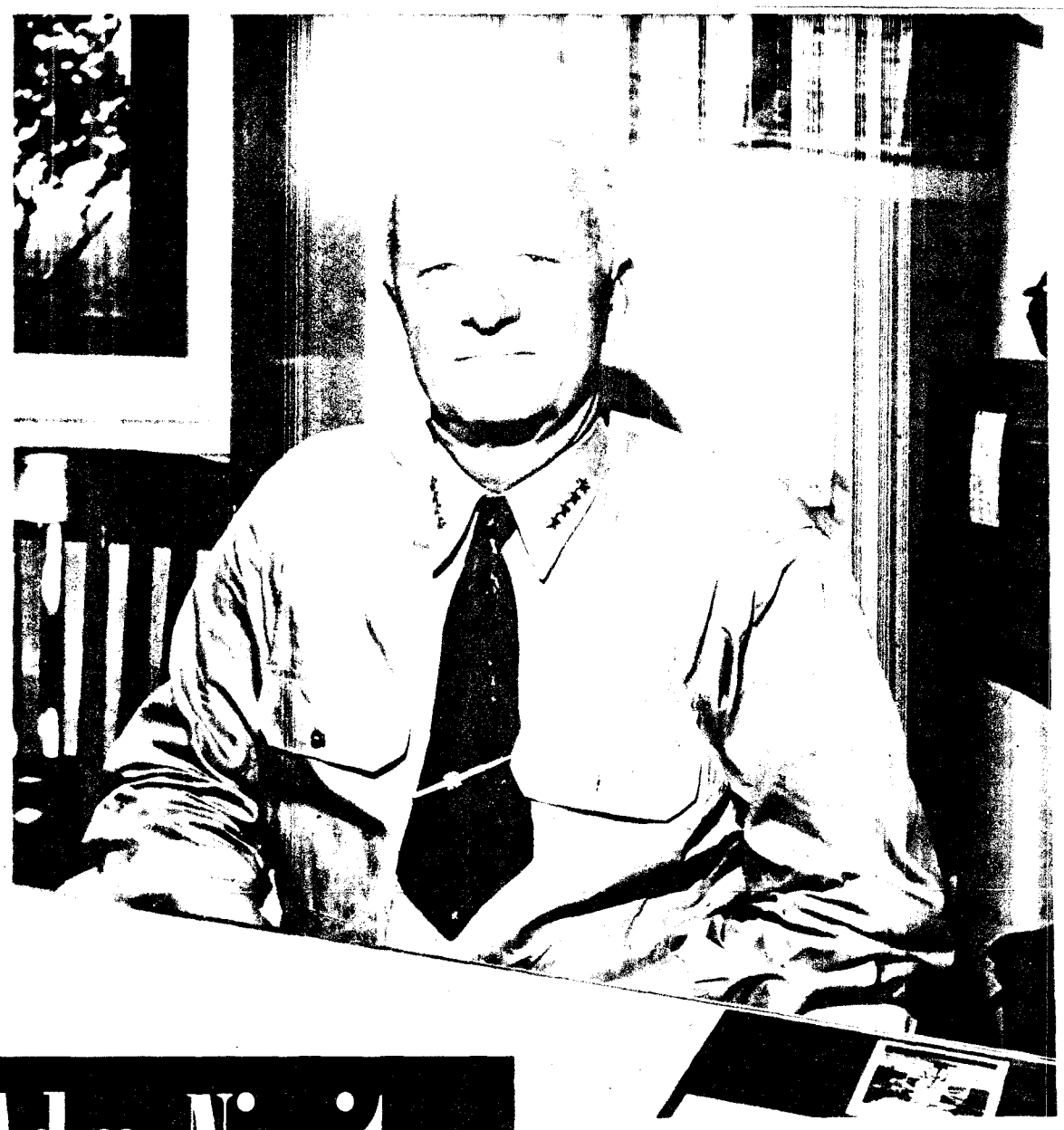
A Talk With Adm. Nimitz

Sgt. H. N. OLIPHANT
YANK Staff Correspondent



PEARL HARBOR, HAWAII—In moments of crisis there is nothing that relaxes Adm. Chester W. Nimitz more than hitting a few bull's-eyes on the pistol range at U. S. Pacific Fleet headquarters.

The morning I saw him was certainly a time of crisis. A few minutes before he strolled out of the office and headed for the range, the admiral had issued one of the most important communiques of the Pacific war, reporting that heavy units of the Jap fleet—after sulking in safe waters for months—had suddenly been sighted somewhere between Luzon in the Philippines and Guam in the Marianas.

At the very minute that the admiral was drawing a bead on his target, the Fifth U. S. Fleet was steaming through enemy waters, perhaps toward a sea and air battle that might determine control of the entire Pacific. At the same time, on Saipan in the Marianas, battle-weary soldiers and marines were inching their way toward Nafutan Point and north along the western shore of Magicienne Bay against terrific opposition.

If these grave thoughts were passing through the admiral's head, he did not betray them. His strong, sharp face and calm but piercing eyes showed complete self-possession. The admiral was taking a 15-minute break.

I am able to report what happened during those 15 minutes because the admiral had promised me an exclusive interview, and I waited near the pistol range until called.

The admiral took an easy, confident stance, drew a bead and fired. His aide, a stocky young lieutenant commander, looked toward the target with his binoculars, raised one finger and said: "Check, sir—10—a bull's-eye." The admiral smiled, and the two marine guards watching him smiled back.

When he had fired his clip, Adm. Nimitz passed the pistol to the aide and took his place at the binoculars, checking hits and misses.

A minute or so later a high-ranking officer came up to the admiral and spoke to him in a confidential tone. The admiral became intensely serious, then seemed to smile in every muscle of his face. He nodded, and the other officer began to walk away. "Stick around," the admiral called, adding the officer's nickname. "We ought to have some news pretty soon now."

Then, as if some postponed thought were knocking at his consciousness, the admiral looked down at his watch. The 15 minutes were up. He headed for his office. With each step the lines in his face seemed to lose, little by little, their warm and good-natured look for a grim and fixed expression. Finally the admiral disappeared through the door into one of the world's most restricted areas—the inner office of the commander in chief of the Pacific Fleet.

TWO HOURS later Pfc. George Burns, YANK staff photographer, was standing with me at the same doorway, waiting to be admitted. The outer room was alive with bustling yeomen and messengers. There were armed marine guards all over the place. Presently a tall Naval lieutenant opened the door and said: "The admiral will see you now." I checked my tie and buttons hastily and once more wondered whether I should salute when I entered. The admiral considerately answered that question for us by standing as we entered, smiling and extending his hand.

The admiral nodded slightly to indicate that the interview could begin. "There are two questions," I said, "that GIs all over the world would give a lot to ask you, sir. The first is, 'How do the current operations in the Marianas fit into the general pattern of the grand offensive we must ultimately launch against Japan proper?' The second is, 'Now that the Sunday punches are falling, how long do you think it will take to force the Japs to their knees?'"

Adm. Nimitz had a ready answer. "The invasion of the Marianas does not constitute the start of a new phase of the Pacific war," he said. "It is the normal continuation of the phase started at Midway and which will end with the U. S. in control of the seas surrounding Japan.

"It is futile to offer any estimate of the time still required to defeat Japan. There are too many unknown factors involved, too many opportunities for unpredictables to alter our timetables. But there are some certainties in the situation which provide us with a cause for optimism.

"The schedule we have maintained in the Pacific war since Midway gives us confidence born of the certainty of things past. We have driven the Japanese from the Solomons—all but the remnants of garrisons who now languish completely encompassed and without hope of succor in a pocket well within our sea control.

"Gen. MacArthur has neatly and thoroughly outflanked the enemy garrisons throughout the vast island of New Guinea, assuring the Jap's doom while preparing for still deeper encroachments into Japan's stolen empire.

"In the Central Pacific, we have in three swift leaps advanced our sea power thousands of miles to the west of Pearl Harbor. Now our westernmost bastions face the Philippines and undoubtedly worry the man on the street in Tokyo concerning the immediate safety of his own skin.

"We have greatly strengthened the security of our lines and communications leading to the western Pacific. These results were achieved by the combined power of the Army, Navy, Marine Corps and Coast Guard, all harnessed together and all working harmoniously and effectively in one team. The fact that the team clicks smoothly is one of the guarantees of ultimate victory."

The admiral explained the background of our blow against Saipan, his finger tracing the long sweeping lines on a wall map.

"In order to turn the heat on the Marshalls," said Adm. Nimitz, "we first had to get the Ellice and Gilbert Islands. We had to have the Marshalls because we had to get forward bases for our land-based planes. Six of the Marshall Islands are still in Jap hands, but they're having a tough time of it there."

I asked the admiral how many Japs he thought were left in the Marshalls. Estimates varied a little, he said, but a safe guess would be 20,000.

Then he pointed to Ponape and Truk in the Carolines. "They're getting it, too," he said. "Regularly." His finger rested again on the Marshalls. "Our objective here was to extend our seapower farther west. That has been accomplished. We now have important sea anchorages for further westward plunges."

The admiral traced the path from the Marshalls to the Marianas. "The strategy here is the same. We're projecting our seapower farther and farther westward. As you can see, the Marianas occupy a key spot in the western Pacific. They constitute an ideal springboard for westward drives, but you can see they're as vital to the Japanese as they would be for us, and that's why the Japs are fighting so hard to hold them."

He paused. "Saipan," he said with emphasis, "is going to be a tough nut to crack."

Then the admiral summarized the early results of the operation. "We moved into Saipan in great strength. We have seized two airfields—the only two we were certain existed on the island. One of these apparently is too small for very effective operations. The other is already being used by our aircraft. We have killed a lot of Japs, and we have had losses.

"We went out to seize the Marianas and we have made a good start. Whenever the Marianas are firmly in our grasp, we will then move on to ——." The admiral left the sentence unfinished, but his eyes seemed to dart toward the Philippines, the China coast and then Japan.

I asked Adm. Nimitz about the Jap air force. "I think it's probable that Japan has been able thus far to restore all plane losses," he said. "Whether they can keep it up, I don't know."

THE interview was over. I hadn't been able to pin the admiral down on how long the war would last, but he had discussed the vital factors that would ultimately write the answer to that big question.

As I left, I remembered the target practice two hours earlier. When things get snafued or the news is bad, someone had told me, the admiral stalks to the range, grabs a pistol and peppers the target with a rapid succession of shots. On the range this morning, he had been buoyant and confident—and he had hit plenty of bull's-eyes. Maybe that supplies part of the answer, at least, to the big question.

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By TOM BERNARD Sp(x)1c
YANK Navy Correspondent

WITH U. S. FORCES IN FRANCE [By Cable]—There is only the blackened hull of an LCI, settling deeper into the beach every day, to recall the landing now, but the men of the assault force who started for shore in that LCI have other reasons to remember.

They belonged to a Navy beach battalion, and their job was to keep American men and machines flowing into the invasion beachhead. But first they had to get ashore themselves.

When the LCI was still 150 yards from the beach, it struck a mine. The 41 men in the landing craft had to swim the rest of the way—through water slashed to a frenzy by rifle and machine-gun slugs. When the men hit the beach, they scrambled ahead, crab-fashion, on hands and knees, ducking under coils of barbed wire and weaving through steel and concrete barricades tipped with antipersonnel mines.

Twelve hours later they reached the section of the beach to which they were assigned, only a thousand yards away. They had crawled all the way. The medics had lost their bags, blankets, flasks, plasma, morphine and battle dressings. Somewhere in the shallows were the handie-talkies, larger radios and signal lamps of the communications men, the tools and instruments of the hydrographic men and boat repairmen.

In those 12 bloody hours, they underwent mortar fire and the pounding of 88s and sniper bullets that kept them cowering in their hand-dug foxholes for timeless intervals. When they finally reached the beach, some of the battalion were already there and others were still landing.

The first concern was for the wounded. Navy medics searched the casualties and took their special first-aid kits containing morphine, sulfa preparations and bandages. They salvaged blankets that had floated in with the tide. They used all available bosun's mates, shipfitters, radiomen and signalmen as litter-bearers.

"We had to do that," said Lt. (jg) Paul Koren, a Navy doctor who had been on the beach since 40 minutes after H Hour. "The beach looked like a neighborhood junk yard, with burned-out tanks and landing craft piled all over it. Only there were bodies, too, and wounded."

All night the men worked, cloaked in the comparative safety of darkness. They managed to get two LCTs in and to send them back, loaded with casualties. Other wounded men were placed in the lee of the cliffs, behind the rocks, in any place that offered some protection. Snipers kept harassing them, and there were plenty of booby traps and mines to worry about.

The next day was almost as bad. German mortar fire started in again, continuing until noon, when destroyers, cruisers and battleships of the Allied fleet teamed their big guns against the enemy artillery. The snipers gradually thinned out as our destroyers concentrated on some and our infantrymen captured or wiped out others with hand grenades and tommy guns.

During the night, the main infantry forces had advanced inland, where they ran headlong into German troops on anti-invasion maneuvers. Their casua[illegible] medics starte[illegible] drift[illegible] blackened shel[illegible] of a [illegible]ds from shore, the Army [illegible] their burdens. There the Navy medics [illegible] them over and saw to their transportation out to sea and to England.

Lt. Sam Byrd, USNR, of Mount Olive, N. C., a Broadway actor who played the part of Dude Lester in "Tobacco Road," had come ashore on the LCI as some kind of public-relations or liaison officer. "I don't know what the hell I was," he admitted later. He ran into Koren after the 12-hour deal and worked with him as evacuation officer for the wounded.

"Everyone did what he saw had to be done," Byrd said. "We put casualties on anything we could grab. If they could walk, we put two of them together and sent them down to the water to hitch their own rides. We had to do that."

Responding to an SOS, a bunch of LCVPs loaded with infantry reinforcements arrived on the second day. Lt. Byrd crouched in the shelter of a sand dune, holding a boat paddle. To one end of the paddle he'd knotted a soaking towel, and with this "flag" he signaled the boats into shore. "Every time I stood up to wave the towel," he said, "some sonuvabitch would take a shot at me."

By this time, the men of the beach battalion who had been pressed into service as litter-bearers were back at their proper jobs. Command posts, each headed by a beachmaster, had been set up along the shore. Working with the beachmasters were signalmen, whose job was to bring landing craft in through the channels when the tide was right; hydrographic men, who were trained to locate and mark underwater obstacles and sandbars, and boat repairmen, ready to remedy minor damage to craft and send them back to their ships.

BYRD, who knew practically nothing about beachmastering, found himself in charge of an important strip of sand. He also lacked the usual platoon of well-equipped specialists, having only two signalmen, two seamen and one signal lamp.

For headquarters, the new beachmaster took over an iron-roofed, sandbagged hut, sunk five feet below ground level, at the intersection of the road running along the beach and the road running inland. This hut had evidently been used before as a headquarters dugout for the line of German coastal-defense trenches running along the beach. Byrd called it "*La maison de l'oiseau sur mer* (the birdhouse by the sea)." His men built themselves a similar shelter nearby.

From then on, the days dissolved into one another. There was no such thing as sleep. As the Germans were pushed farther inland, more landing craft and big LSTs started punching their flat bows into the sand, ready to unload their cargoes. Every night there was an air raid. Sticks of bombs occasionally blasted along the beach.

The first big job was to clean the beach of the litter of war. With the men and tools they had, the beach battalion couldn't possibly do that job thoroughly. There were hedgehogs and other obstacles, battered tanks, trucks, landing craft, mines and bodies. Roads had to be cut through this mess before the beach could operate.

It took the engineers to do that heavy work. "With their bulldozers," Lt. Byrd said, "they performed miracles."

Graves-registration men collected bodies and buried them in neat rows—each marked with a white stick and a dogtag.

Ducks churned through the surf and on up to the sand, carrying loads of infantrymen. Then they went back, filled with wounded.

Some of the hydrographic men marking the boat channels and obstacles borrowed strips of bunting from the Army and lashed them to 10-foot poles, which they stuck in the sandy bottom.

FOR 10 days the beach was jampacked. There were always emergencies, always traffic snarls.

"Once we were loading an LST on one side of the beach," said Lt. Byrd, "and an LCT on the other side. They were fairly high on the sand. Another LCT, standing offshore, suddenly decided it wanted to unload and barged in between them, only to hit a sandbar some distance out. The first truck came roaring down the ramp into water up to its windshield. There were 20 infantrymen in full packs sitting in that truck and the water was rushing in at a foot a minute. We had to get them off or they would drown."

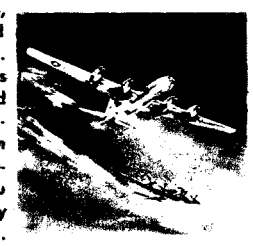
Byrd and his men commandeered a duck and ran out to the rescue. Holding the truck and the duck together with their hands, they helped the GIs aboard and sent the LCT to the proper beach.

As the days went by, Byrd "sponged" personnel from the other beaches until he finally had a regular rotating crew drawn from two platoons.

"Two LSTs were lying up on the center of the beach," the lieutenant said. "A Coast Guard LCI with damaged propellers was replacing them with screws from a knocked-out craft. There was an LCT unloading on the left flank, and a fleet of ducks busily transporting supplies from ships at sea to the beach. Meanwhile waves of LCVPs and LCMs were landing regularly, depositing men and vehicles on the sand, and going back for more. It was a beachmaster's dream."

It sounded more like a nightmare.

This Week's Cover



THESE are Superfortresses, the B-29s that bombed Japan from bases in China. The ship carries numerous .50-caliber machine guns and 20-mm cannon, but armament has been deleted from the picture for military security. See page 2 for Sgt. Lou Stoumen's eyewitness story of the bombing of Japan.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover & 2—USAAF. 3—Upper, USAAF; lower, Sgt. Lou Stoumen. 4—Sgt. Stoumen. 6—Pfc. George Burns. 8—PA. 9—left, INP; right, PA. 10—PA. 12 & 13—Sgt. George Aarons. 14—T/Sgt. James E. Moore. 18—Lower right, AAF, Alexandria, La.; others, PRO, Fort Hamilton, N. Y. 19—Center left, Signal Corps, Camp Crowder, Mo.; center right, AAF, Abilene, Tex.; lower left, AAFWFTC, Santa Ana, Calif.; lower right, AAF, Chatham Field, Ga. 20—Universal Pictures. 23—Upper, INP; lower, Fifteenth Air Force, Italy.

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POST-MORTEM IN ST. SAVEUR LE VICOMTE. A GROUP OF U. S. AIRBORNE INFANTRYMEN TAKE A BREAK BEFORE A HOUSE IN THIS VILLAGE WHICH STANDS NEAR THE CENTER OF THE VITAL CHERBOURG PENINSULA.

Airborne Action

GLIDER AND PARATROOP PILOTS FOUGHT ON GROUND IN FRANCE.

By Sgt. SAUL LEVITT
YANK Staff Correspondent

ENGLAND [By Cable]—The paratroop action that took place early on the morning of D Day, hours before the landings in France, and the airborne operation that followed, were essential elements of the pattern of invasion. Whatever the cost, the paratroopers had to wipe out enemy gun positions ahead of our first thin assault waves, capture airfields and disrupt communications. The task of the airborne infantrymen who followed the paratroopers into the unknown darkness of France was to strengthen the paratroopers' original gains, further disrupt enemy movement and hold on.

2d Lt. Samuel S. Cromie of Philadelphia, Pa., piloted a troop carrier that took some of the first paratroopers into France, returned to England and took off on another mission, piloting a towplane with a glider filled with airborne infantrymen. On the towing job, Cromie's plane was riddled by enemy fire and crashed.

F/Os Richard F. Brown of Louisville, Ohio; Primo Ceravolo of Toledo, Ohio, and Frank R. Doubek of Chicago, Ill., piloted three of the gliders that were towed over France. They cut loose from the towplanes and landed beyond the beaches, where the loads of airborne infantrymen and equipment were discharged from their gliders.

Brown, Ceravolo and Doubek, like all the other glider pilots who set down in France on D Day, had no way of flying out again. Some of the glider pilots were killed before their powerless planes hit the ground. Others were killed on the ground. The rest—Brown, Ceravolo and Doubek among them—became ground soldiers after their landings. Although without training in the tactics of ground warfare and without any specific military responsibility or mission, they made their own responsibilities and fought their way back to the beaches.

Cromie, like other pilots of troop carriers and towplanes that were shot down or crashed, was caught in the same pattern with these glider pilots. He, too, was down in France, and he, too, became of necessity a ground soldier.

Let Cromie, Brown, Ceravolo and Doubek tell the story as they saw it, and as they told it soon after returning here from France.

"WE SPEARHEADED the invasion," Cromie said. "That day Eisenhower reviewed our paratroops and at the take-off stood along the runway and waved us off. We took off around 2400 hours. It was a beautiful night. You could fly in formation by moonlight, it was so doggone bright.

"There was flak coming up at us as soon as we got our first look at France. We kept inspecting that flak, but it didn't get any of us. Our crew chief told the paratroopers aboard about our progress along the route. The men had been briefed so well that they knew where the plane was at all times. They kept smoking a lot and drinking a lot of water. We broke open our own emergency water cans for them. A lot of them were praying all the way over.

"When we pulled in over the peninsula, we found a perfect cover of clouds there, which kept us away from the fire on the ground. Just as we started in over DZ (the dropping zone), bullets and flak started coming up at us again in every color of the rainbow. We gave the men the red-light warning that we were four minutes from DZ and told the crew chief to wish them all luck for us. Then we slowed down for the drop, gave them the green light and out they went. The last man got stuck in the door and never did find the rest of the men when he got down; I met him later and he told me about it.

"Two of our ships missed DZ and made 36-degree circles, trying to find the area again. Guns were meeting the paratroopers as they dropped, following them all the way down to the ground. We saw a big fire on the ground, probably set by the bombers that had been there before us. The area was fully lighted. After the men were out of my ship, I saw my airspeed jump to 190 and got the hell out of there.

"Over the Channel we could observe the sea just jammed with ships, moving in toward the beach in the clear moonlight. As we made the landfall, we saw other groups towing gliders. We landed and were immediately mobbed by the glider pilots and everybody else who hadn't had a chance to fly over France yet. 'What's the deal, Sam, what's the deal?' Ceravolo kept saying."

ONE thousand C-47 transports and gliders landed men in that first wave. During the night the weather changed and the Channel waters became choppy as the first landing craft brought infantrymen ashore. From the air, the flyers witnessed the all-day unfolding of the beach assault. The great flotillas never stopped moving across the water—into the dusk, the rain, and the cold night of D Day. At 1900 hours another caravan of planes and gliders wheeled onto the runway and was airborne under the lowering skies.

"It was a funny feeling we had before take-off," Brown said. "There was plenty of tension."

"We took off at 1900 hours on the nose," Doubek said. "Before the take-off, everybody told us this was going to be a milk run, but that turned out to be the biggest lie of the whole invasion."

"You know what bothered us most?" said Brown. "We were afraid we would break loose from our towplane before we got there. We sweated that out harder than anything else. We could never have made anybody believe it if that had happened. We knew this was down and go, the big joe." (To distinguish it from practice landings, glider pilots call the real landing the "down and go": "You put it down and then you go.")

"Most of our loads on that trip," said Doubek, "were armored jeeps. One EM, a Sgt. Borne, who was with us on that load, acted as gunner. He had the guns all set for firing before we landed."

"We circled our field for half an hour," said Brown. "The weather was very rough while we were over England. After the group formed and we neared the Channel, we started to see a lot of fighter protection."

"Our gliders were hard to handle that night," Ceravolo said. "But once we hit the Channel our

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major was very considerate and saw to it that we had no prop wash. So it was a beautiful ride right into the coast. We didn't see much of anything until we hit the French coast. After that, boy, they threw everything at us, then took their guns apart and threw the pieces at us. There was a lot of small-arms fire, but it was too low."

"They'd told us at the briefing," Doubek said, "that we would find large fields with only small trees—very good for glider landings. But when we came over, we found the big fields had been flooded and all that was left were the small fields with tall trees, maybe 70 feet high. And we ran into enemy machine-gun and mortar fire."

"Lt. Red Coleman, one of our glider co-pilots, was being shot at while he was coming in for his landing," said Cromie. "He took out a rifle, busted the plexiglas with the butt end and picked off the sniper, who was using a machine pistol. Red did that while his glider was still in the air."

"We were the second glider in," said Brown. "There was gunfire coming at us all the time. We came out of our glider and from the first second we landed we were uncertain what our next step should be. We were pinned to the ground for quite a while. Then we made a run for the edge of the field. There were nine of us. We lay on the ground, scattered out for a while, and then we got together.

"We found what looked like a tunnel, and there was a wounded German there. How he got there I don't know. We asked him where the Americans were, and he answered, 'All over.' Then we asked him where the Germans were, and he said, 'All over.'"

"I WAS the power pilot on the plane towing the last glider of the formation," Cromie said. "F/Os Clark and More were in that glider. Just after they cut loose, the Jerries riddled my right wing. We managed to turn off, and then the Jerries got the right engine. My co-pilot, Floyd Bennett, started to feather the right engine. Just then the left engine was shot out, and we were just like a glider, with both our engines dead.

"There was no field big enough even for a glider to land on, much less a power plane. Those fields are all narrow and small and they've got big trees—as big as telegraph poles. We started to land anyway, and one of the trees took off the whole right wingtip. Right then there flashed through my mind something I'd once read about a B-17 making a good forced landing by using trees to act as brakes. So I aimed between two trees, and what they did, instead of acting as brakes, was to take off my wings. The engines and the body kept going just as fast as before.

"There we were, sailing through the air with just the body of our ship. The crew had already braced themselves for the crash. I saw the front of the ship coming up at me. Then we hit. Don't ask me how I'm here. The glider boys would have checked me out as a glider pilot with that landing, because I had no engines. But I didn't have any wings either, and you don't check out even on a glider unless you've got wings. I don't know what I am.

"W[illegible] fig[illegible] trees. F[illegible] fields a[illegible] of the g[illegible] tion of gunfire. That pilot went through hell. He and his men were under fire all the way down and into the field, and they never had a chance to get out of their ship.

"The other pilot on the glider had been wounded before the plane hit ground, and when it touched down, the first thing the hurt boy said to the pilot was: 'Get me out of here.' The pilot went to his pal's assistance, and just then the Germans opened up with machine guns again. The men in the glider fell dead and wounded under the wings before they had a chance to get away. The Germans came right up to the glider and killed two wounded men who were lying under one wing.

"The wounded pilot played dead. They didn't touch him. But different units of Germans kept passing by and throwing machine-gun and mortar fire at the glider for 12 hours. The pilot lay there among the dead. He was soaked in the blood of dead men and lying under their bodies. Several times he wanted to commit suicide. He lay there until noon next day, when our paratroopers captured the field. He was shaken but he took it, and he's alive this minute in England."

"THE first contact we made on the ground with American forces," said Doubek, "was with tankmen. About an hour later we ran across some paratroopers. They threw their arms around us glider pilots and hugged us. It was a wonderful thing, seeing those boys. We glider pilots think the paratroopers are the toughest bunch of boys in the Army."

"Another reason they liked seeing us glidermen," said Brown, "was that they like our flak suits. When the gliders come in, the paratroopers go for those vests. They wear them when they're looking for snipers—snipe-hunting, they call it."

"One paratrooper I saw," said Ceravolo, "had on three flak suits. The paratroopers work in teams of three or four. One man meets the fire to draw it out, while the others cover him and pick off the snipers by their gun flashes. Well, this guy with the three flak suits just walked out into the field to draw fire, and his buddies kept picking off the snipers. You could see the German fire coming at him, but he kept going."

The gliders had landed at 2132 hours on D Day. Around them in the dusk and then the darkness, among the tall old trees and fields of Normandy, there was the movement of men and the splutter and roar of light and heavy guns. It was not a clear night, and the men beyond the beaches, creeping through the grass and around the trees, didn't know that the beaches were being rapidly cleared of the enemy and linked up. The airborne infantrymen scattered over Normandy began to link up, too, snowballing into larger groups.

"We had met our paratroopers and tankmen after hitting the ground," said Doubek. "We were [illegible] been fighting all day and needed the [illegible] been working on getting. We did outpost duty in shifts. The enemy was supposed to be 2,000 yards away from our tank park, but we found out he was not more than 100 yards away.

"At dawn our tanks started up again. Some of the glider pilots got into action by riding on the backs of the tanks. All the time they were under the fire of enemy snipers. The job of the tanks was to knock out a hill that was pouring out 88-mm fire. The hill was finally knocked out at about 1100 hours. It sure had us pinned down for a while."

"The snipers we met," said Ceravolo, "were using wooden bullets in some cases. They are red bullets, just a shade larger than our .30-cal. bullets. They make a nasty wound. They're hollow and they splinter and spread after hitting. I saw one paratrooper who was hit in the leg. You never saw a bullet hole like that in your life."

"REMEMBER how we crashed?" picked up Cromie. "Without wings and engines? Well, only one man was injured—my co-pilot. We had to get him back to the beachhead and into a hospital in a hurry. The medics got him into a captured German truck. All the way along the road, snipers picked on us."

"After that hill was knocked out," said Doubek, "we dug in, expecting another counterattack from the Germans. The glider pilots pitched in. It was surprising to see the way they acted tactically. This was their first time in combat.

"Just about midday of D-plus-one, our heavy equipment started to move up from the beaches—big guns, tanks and all kinds of stuff. It was the most beautiful sight you ever saw. Meanwhile the glider pilots were pouring in from everywhere and bringing prisoners with them—some they'd taken themselves and others that the paratroopers had unloaded on them. It was funny the way the paratroopers would hand the prisoners over to us; they figured we were superior officers. We stayed at the CP until about 1800 hours and then proceeded to the beach, taking a load of prisoners with us."

"I guess about 35 of our boys left for the beach that evening," said Ceravolo, "but I didn't. I was lazy and I wasn't going to walk. I waited for a ride. Some interesting things happened while I was waiting.

"I was talking to a QM colonel, and there was a sniper working a machine gun. The colonel said this sniper wasn't going after the wounded but after the medics who went out to bring the wounded in. Everybody was busy and just didn't do anything about this sniper for about an hour. Then some paratroopers couldn't stand it any more and they said: 'Let's go out and get the sonuvabitch.' They simply went out and got him.

"This same colonel asked me to help him pick

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up some packs that were being dropped by planes. We had to go in among the trees to get these packs of rations, medical supplies and ammunition. That's where we saw some paratroopers hanging from the trees. They hadn't had a chance; their harness and chutes had caught in the trees as they floated down and they were just shot up and bayoneted where they were."

By this time, the beachheads were being widened and deepened beyond the trampled sands where the landing barges had come up early the day before. Allied seaborne and airborne troops were establishing contact. German reserves were now in action, but the forging of the scattered Allied links went on. It was another dark night on land, another day of choppy waves in the Channel. Overhead Allied planes continued to fly, dropping their well-placed sticks of bombs at the proper bridge and railroad locations. For the men fighting in Normandy, the land, the people and the enemy now fell into a familiar pattern; the tension of yesterday's war with the unknown was replaced now by a more routine, but equally grim, warfare.

"I finally joined a convoy of about 40 vehicles," Ceravolo said, "and started for the beach, riding in a captured German jeep. I was sitting in the back of the jeep, looking for snipers. Three miles from the beach, a German paratrooper jumped out from the bushes, and I started fumbling for my gun. Any ground soldier would have known that he had to carry his gun ready, but I'm just a glider pilot. If this guy had wanted to shoot me he could have had me three times, but it turned out that he was surrendering and he dropped to his knees."

"What impressed me," said Cromie, "was the weapons and the horses the Germans had on hand. I saw our paratroopers coming along the roads with captured German horses that were well-groomed animals. Our boys were loaded down with grenades and rifles. Each man looked like an armory. And there were any number of guns along the roads. It seemed you could always find plenty of guns."

"There was German equipment in heaps all over the roads," Ceravolo said. "Stacks of gas masks. I saw one paratrooper mounted on a beautiful horse all loaded down with enemy guns, and he was patrolling the road big as hell. I said to him: 'You're so high up they could get you easy.' But he said: 'Like hell they can. They can't hit the side of a brick thunderpit.' "

"And do you remember," asked Brown, "the little French kids along the way who gave us an American salute? When we stopped for a second at the crossroads, they came out with wine."

"We ran across some Frenchmen," said Cromie, "who used their horses and trucks to bring in our wounded for us."

"They were being shot at all the time, too," said Ceravolo. "I saw one brought up for treatment who had half his face blown [illegible]. He knew it and was quite [illegible]. He'd kept his truck continuously on the move, hauling our wounded, until they hit him.

"In our convoy, we had 11 German paratroop prisoners. When we stopped, somebody said the Germans hadn't been searched. We found 50 boxes of K rations on them. We stacked the boxes in the road and told the French kids they could have them."

"Those Germans are careless about the Red Cross emblem," said Brown. "Did you notice?"

"Well," said Ceravolo, "we captured two German medics who were carrying Lugers under their blouses. Our medics are unarmed. And I heard of one case where a German stabbed a medical officer who tried to help him. The German was a lieutenant who came out of the bushes shouting *'Kamerad!* I'm wounded.' The American medical officer ran to help, and the German stabbed him. One of our wounded paratroopers lying nearby grabbed a carbine to shoot the German, but the S-2 officer stopped the GI. 'We want this guy for interrogation,' he said.

"Another paratrooper, also wounded, was lying in a field when a medic spotted him and started running forward. A sniper fired on the medic and he dropped. He held up his arm to show the Red Cross band, but the sniper fired again. A couple of paratroopers who saw this just went crazy. They yelled: 'Let's go get him' and went out after the sniper. They got him."

"I saw Germans let Red Cross trucks go by," said Cromie, "but when we got to the beach, they strafed a hospital. We tried to find a place to sleep. The next thing I remember is planes overhead. One peeled off and dropped a bomb on the beach. They were 109s, and our boys knocked off two of them but not until they'd strafed the hospital. The Red Cross painted on the outside must have been about four feet wide, and the wounded were lined up outside because there wasn't room enough inside."

As the glider pilots drove in jeeps and trudged along the roads to the beach, some were happy to learn—and others were too tired to care—that the German garrison of Bayeux was under fire and then that the town had surrendered. It was the first town in France to be wrested from enemy occupation.

The glider pilots, who had brought American airborne infantrymen into France and had fought as foot soldiers themselves, were going back now to England. Some were taking German prisoners with them to prove it; others carried red poppies—a milder kind of evidence. They came and trampled the sands along the gray choppy Channel and looked out toward England on the evening of D-plus-one and during D-plus-two. Their "down and go" was nearly over.

"When I got on the beach," said Doubek, "I was like a kid waiting for the ice-cream man. When I realized the predicament those men on the beachhead had been in, and the men farther in; when I understood how badly and how much they needed everything, it made me feel awfully good to watch our big stuff coming in off the landing craft—guns, tanks, trucks, bulldozers.

"There was quite a collection of prisoners on the beach behind the barbed wire when we came up, and we glider pilots brought more—the men we'd captured and the ones the paratroopers had given us."

"A couple of prisoners I saw," said Ceravolo, "had been accidentally shot by their own men. One was shot through the arm and another's hand had been partly shot away. All the prisoners I saw were either old men or very young kids who didn't look more than 15 or 16. The old men weren't so bad, but the kids were sassy, insolent young bastards full of that Nazi stuff. Born with it, I guess."

"When we got to the beach," Doubek said, "we reported to the beachmaster. He took our names, ranks and serial numbers and immediately told us when there would be a tug to take us out to a ship. He asked us if we would take charge of some prisoners who had to be taken to England. Most of the German prisoners knew they would have to wade out into the water so they took off all their clothes right up to the waist. But we glider pilots waded in with all our clothes on. For days afterward, we were picking salt and sand from our cigarette lighters."

"When we got aboard the LST," said Ceravolo, "and I saw that steak and ice cream, I said, 'Come to me.' I just couldn't stop putting it away."

"Most of the German prisoners we took over," said Doubek, "didn't look like crack troops to me. Some of them were officers in their middle 20s, but most of the troops claimed to be Russians and Poles captured when the Germans invaded their countries and forced to fight under threats that their families would be harmed. They seemed happy to be captured by us and said they wouldn't give us any trouble.

"About 1900 hours we passed out some canned corned beef. The prisoners ate only half the ration. We asked them why, and they said they hadn't had so much meat for so long that they were saving the other half for the next day.

"Each German officer had a briefcase and a very small piece of hard, dry sausage inside. They also had plenty of butter in a screw-top dish with a red plastic top. We found that when we searched them; they'd been searched as they got on the boat but we were taking extra precautions. After we got through, one produced a razor blade we'd missed.

"The Navy treated us like kings. We were so grateful we were glad to guard the prisoners. We waited one day for a convoy back to England to form. On D-plus-three we reached England and returned to our base."

ONLY A SMALL [illegible] IN THE [illegible] AREA OF FRANCE. CIVILIANS ARE [illegible]

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What's the
STATE ABS

By Sgt. MERLE MILLER
YANK Staff Writer

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Back in November 1940, when he was beginning to sweat out the draft in Des Moines, Iowa, George Smith walked two blocks from his home and voted.

This year Smith is a sergeant in an AA outfit in Calcutta, India, but, if he wants to, the chances are he still can vote in the general election in November. He probably won't even have to walk two blocks.

The WD, through the Coordinator for Soldier Voting, Col. Robert Cutler, is trying to make it as simple as possible for Smith, and every other eligible GI who's interested, to cast a ballot no matter where he's stationed. Many men in actual combat won't, of course, have the time.

But the WD is issuing two soldier-voting manuals, one explaining voting for GIs in the U. S., the other for those overseas; five explanatory posters that will be distributed down to company and battery level and a Walt Disney short on voting for the Army-Navy *Screen Magazine*.

Naturally, neither Smith nor anybody else can vote just because he's in the Army. To cast a state absentee ballot, which a majority of GIs overseas and almost all those stationed in the U. S. will be using, you have to be eligible under the laws of your home state.

Your eligibility will be decided by local election officials back home—on the basis of your age by Nov. 7 (21 for every state except Georgia, where it's only 18), citizenship, place of residence and other factors. For instance, in some Southern states you'll have had to pay your poll tax.

Smith's home state, Iowa, is one of 25 whose governors have already announced that their laws do not authorize the use of the Federal ballot. The others are Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Colorado, Idaho, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Louisiana, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, New York, North Dakota, Ohio, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, West Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming.

Some additional states may still approve use of the Federal ballot, but even GIs from states where it is okay can only use it if they fail to receive by Oct. 1 a state absentee ballot for which they applied before Sept. 1.

Here's the way Smith will go about voting by absentee ballot, and his case is fairly typical:

1. First of all, he and every other EM and officer in his outfit soon will be given a regulation post-card application for a state absentee ballot.

Most of these cards—of which the Army has had 31,000,000 printed—should be distributed to everybody in the Army in every theater in the world sometime early in August and in the U. S. before the end of August.

The card simply asks for the information required by law to determine your eligibility—dope like your age, home address, voting district (if you know it), complete military address and ASN.

2. When Smith has filled out the application, he'll have to have some officer or noncom not below the rank of sergeant witness his signature.

3. The next step for Smith is to mail his application back to his secretary of state at the state capital, which, in his case, is Des Moines. Like all other war-ballot material, it will be returned to the U. S. by high-priority air mail.

Since Smith is from a state that doesn't authorize the Federal ballot, he ought to mail the application so that it will get back to Des Moines about the time Iowa starts sending out its state ballots. In Iowa's case that's Sept. 13. The dates for other states can be found by a glance at Soldier Voting Poster 2 which very shortly will be posted on your company or battery bulletin board or perhaps simply tacked on a nearby tree.

Sending the application so that its arrival is as near that date as possible cuts down the risk of delay because of a change of station between the time the application is submitted and the time the ballot is mailed.

4. After Smith receives his ballot, also by high-priority air mail, he should mark it and mail it back to Des Moines immediately. Even though it's sent from Calcutta, it's almost certain to get back to Des Moines in time to be counted—because it will be returned to the U. S. by high-priority air mail.

Thus Smith has voted.

In general, the procedure Smith followed will be the same for most registered GIs casting state absentee ballots. Dates and details may vary, and again they can be checked by studying Soldier Voting Poster 2.

GIs from Washington, D. C., like District of Columbia civilians, are unable to vote either in person or by absentee ballot. In New Mexico and Kentucky, cases are pending to determine whether state absentee ballots are okay. When these cases are decided, the WD will let you know the results. All the other 46 states provide absentee ballots.

OF course, the chances are that a lot of GIs won't know whether they're eligible to vote by absentee ballot or even whether they're registered back home.

In 36 states, simply sending in an application or voting a ballot is enough for registration. However, you have to take an extra step if you are not registered and are from one of the following 12 states: Alabama, Arizona, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Montana New Jersey, South Carolina and West Virginia.

If you're from one of these states and don't know whether you're registered or have any other doubt about your eligibility to vote, write a V-Mail letter to the secretary of state in the state capital, or to your local election official—if you know who he is. List your full name, serial number, military unit and APO. Then, in the message blank, write a couple of paragraphs like these:

"I am a citizen of the U. S. For ——— years preceding the general election of November 1944 my home residence has been in the state of ———. For ——— years preceding such election my home residence has been in the city, town or village of ———, in the county of ———, at (street and number, if any, or rural route). My voting district to the best of my knowledge is ———.

"I want to know if I'm eligible to vote by state absentee ballot in the November election of this year and if not, whether I can become eligible and how."

The time between the day you read this and the election will be short. So it's best to get this V-Mail written and sent as soon as possible.

GIs who are still in doubt as to what exactly they should do to vote—and a lot of us will be—should get in touch with the Soldier Voting officers of their outfits. One will be appointed for every military organization down to company and battery level.

In addition, the WD posters will answer a lot of questions that will be cropping up. If you don't see the posters, ask the Soldier Voting officer where they are. The first should be available now, and the second very shortly.

The first poster just outlines general information on voting.

The second poster contains specific dope on requirements for voting by state absentee ballot in the different states.

The third poster is a huge map of the U. S. showing every Congressional district in the country and is designed to help men from states that authorize use of the Federal ballot, who—like most of us—aren't sure what district they're from.

The fourth poster lists, in addition to the Presidential and Vice Presidential candidates, the senatorial and congressional nominees in states whose laws allow the Federal ballot to be used (giving their names, addresses, party affiliations and the offices for which they've been nominated). As of right now, the governors of 15 states have certified that use of the Federal ballot is okay under their laws: California, Connecticut, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New Jersey, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Oregon, Rhode Island, Utah, Washington and Vermont.

If others are added to the list, they will be announced by the WD.

The fifth poster outlines just what GIs who are eligible to use the Federal ballot must do.

But remember that even if you live in a state that recognizes the Federal ballot you won't be able to get one unless you have applied for a state absentee ballot before Sept. 1 and have not received it by Oct. 1.

In any case, use of Federal ballots won't begin until October, and YANK in a later issue will publish detailed information about them.

WHETHER you vote by Federal ballot or by state absentee ballot, secrecy is a fundamental principle of a free election. That means you ought to mark your ballot so that no one else can see how you vote.

Nobody will try to influence the way you vote. Nobody will march you to a polls. The WD policy is strict impartiality toward the election. If you're eligible and want to vote—okay, go ahead.

An American soldier is an American citizen.

ABSENTEE VOTING

Still in Doubt

No Special Requirements

Special Application May Be Required

Illinois, *South Carolina

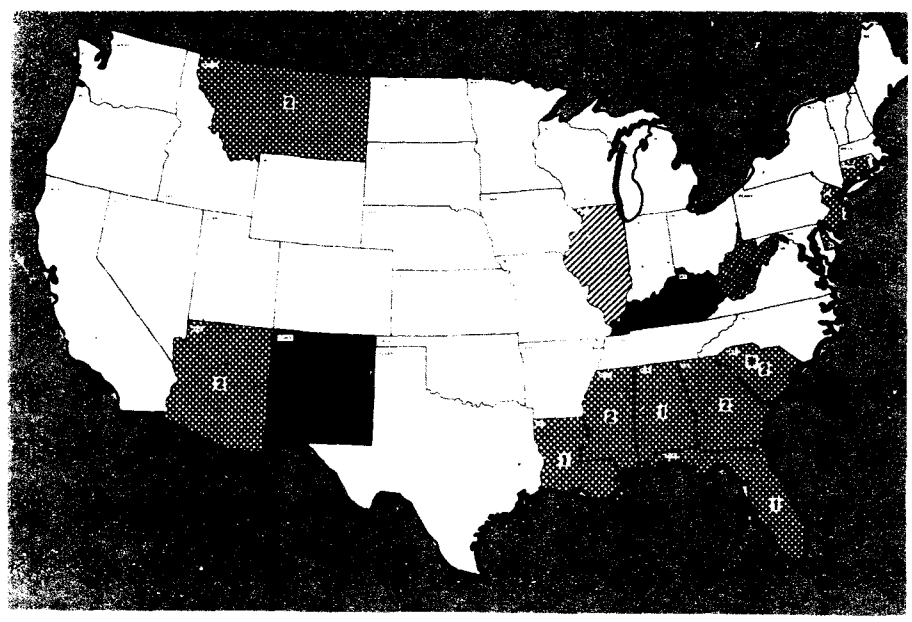
Special Steps Required for Registration

1. PERSONAL REGISTRATION

Alabama, Florida
Delaware, *Louisiana*

2. SPECIAL FORM (or otherwise) TO BE COMPLETED IN ADVANCE

Arizona, Montana
Connecticut, New Jersey
Georgia, *South Carolina
Mississippi, West Virginia



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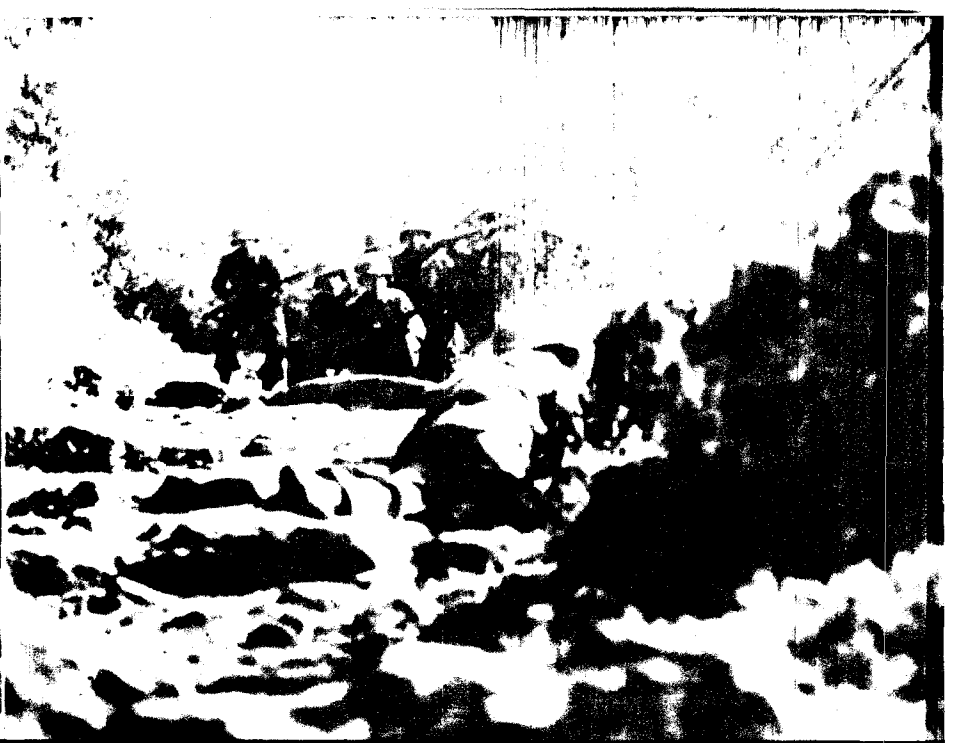
1. One member of the patrol has just made his dash across the hot spot, aided by the covering fire of the GIs first across. Another soldier waits.



2. The five infantrymen who have already crossed the gap hold their rifles ready for covering fire. The waiting soldier lifts his head to scout.

NOW, PROTECTED BY A STONE WALL WELL UP THE HILLSIDE, IT'S THE PATROL'S TURN TO DISH IT OUT. THE TWO INFANTRYMEN IN THE CENTER FIRE A BAZOOKA INTO THE VALLEY.

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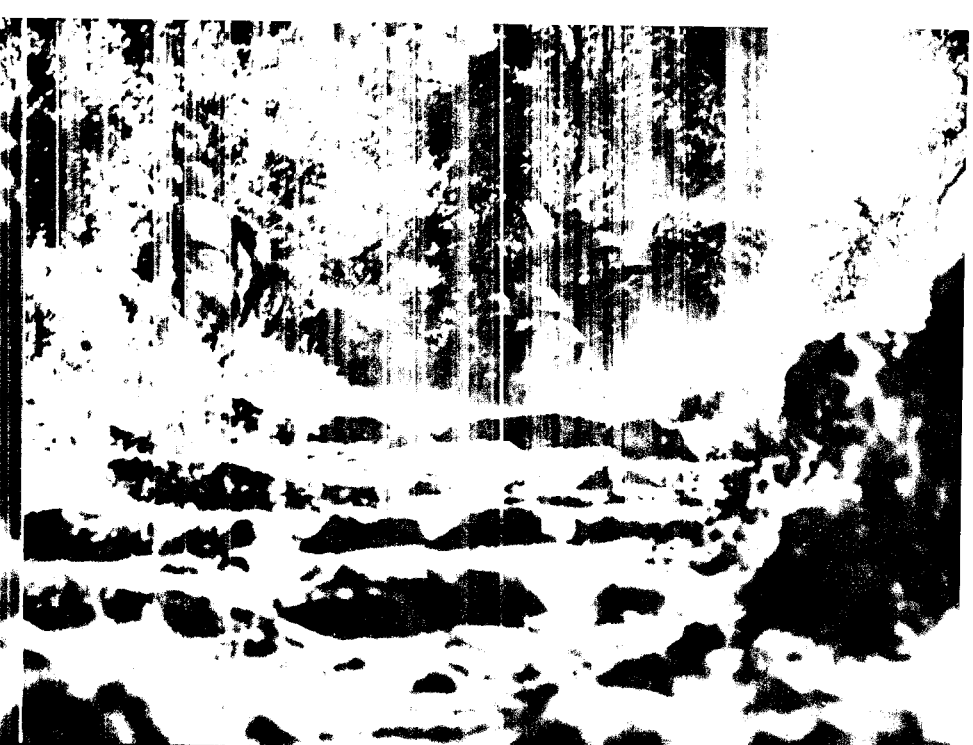
3. The way is as clear as it will ever be, and the crouching dogface makes a break for it. The other GIs open fire to keep Nazi heads well down.



4. He's made it. He ducks into the shelter of the bushes. The rest of the patrol wait, ready to cover the next dash across the lead-racked area.

A GI FIRES HIS BAR AS TWO ITALIAN PARTISANS LIE LOW BEHIND A PILE OF DEBRIS. THE ITALIANS CAME ALONG TO GUIDE THE PATROL TO THE CONCEALED GERMAN POSITIONS.

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MAIL CALL

Conchies

Dear YANK:

I read your article on "Conchies in Puerto Rico" by Pvt. Jud Cook in a recent issue of YANK and appreciated it very much. This country was established by men of strong convictions and rigid consciences, who took their stand when their consciences dictated, in the face of public opinion, ridicule, sarcasm and in spite of the devil himself if need be. . . . I have always been under the impression that this was a country where a man could believe what he wanted to and have a right to his opinion, as long as he didn't do harm to others, without being persecuted by our law. I think it a sad day when we, as a nation, work a man in a dangerous and strategic station without feeding him food as decent as the average GI eats and without any pay at all, or even the means of financing his way home on furlough. A sorry way in which to uphold the right to think and speak and act the way we see fit, a liberty for which we're sweating out our blood and lives.

Luke Field, Ariz. —Sgt. ROY H. POWELL

Dear YANK:

Allow me to compliment you on your very fine article. It was especially of great interest to me since I spent nearly 1½ years in CPS (Civilian Public Service) camps and six months as a hospital orderly, in a mental institution. I'm now in the Army, having asked to be inducted. . . . Conscientious objectors in CPS camps not only donate their labor but also furnish their own clothes. . . . Now, don't get me wrong: these fellows aren't asking for anything and, what's more, most of them don't want anything for their services. It's just one way for them to show their love of country. I've seen quite a number of Axis prisoners of war and must say that they are getting a much better deal than the conscientious objectors, who are American citizens. I think they should get a break!

O'Reilly General Hospital, Mo. —Pvt. O. G. STUCKY

Dear YANK:

As a conscientious objector I wonder how many men have a misguided conception and regard us all as a lot of yellow rats because of our moral outlook to warfare. Yet quite a few of our chaps have volunteered to "dig out and render harmless" unexploded time bombs and unknown types of delayed-action missiles and have actually done these risky and dangerous operations without the world being told how brave we are, etc., etc. We don't wish to criticize, but it takes a lot of guts to be a medical paratrooper and to be armed, so to speak, with only a bottle of smelling salts dropped on the scene of action in the thick of it. We volunteer for it. YANK, give us a square deal and tell any of your toughs and strong-arm men that we conchies don't have to pack an arsenal to stiffen up our morale. We can match any combat men, and what's more we don't want publicity. Remember, we are doing our bit, too.

Britain —Pfc. GIANNELLI

Dear YANK:

After spending almost two years in Puerto Rico I can truly say that the conchies do deserve a break and more than just $5 per month. I was working as a civilian employee of the Navy on a small island just 14 miles off Puerto Rico. It has a population of almost 10,000. They have just one physician (who is also a mayor), and there are many people who won't even allow him in their house, because they are under the impression that medicine and politics do not mix. If an operation of any kind should have to be performed the patient would have to be removed to San Juan. In my opinion the doctor and conscientious objectors deserve a hell of a lot more credit for what they are doing there than they are getting. . . .

Eniwetok —T-5 JOE CATANZARO

Dear YANK:

I've been subscribing to your magazine for some time now. I enjoy it very much and have yet to write in a beef about one of your articles—that is up till now. I'm talking of "Conchies in Puerto Rico." GIs are fighting and dying on every world battlefront. They've been away from their loved ones for a long time, and some have kids they haven't even seen yet. But in his article your correspondent tries to make heroes out of conscientious objectors and goes on to mention their hardships. That's really tough, and I'm crying in my beer. Can you imagine what would happen to them if they were German or Japanese subjects?

Corsica —Pvt. C. DONOVAN

Razzberries

Dear YANK:

I quote your advice in reference to enlisted men working for officers, as published in *What's Your Problem* in an April issue: "They can't make you do it, but they can make you wish to hell you had done it." That is a helluva thing to say to men who are fighting for a democracy and for freedom after the war is over. Are we in America's "democratic" Army or an imperialistic one like Germany's or Japan's? Does the lack of a set of bars on a man's shoulders make him a servant? Though the Judge Advocate General's Office says no, YANK, which I thought was an enlisted men's magazine, advises us not to say anything. I *used* to think YANK was OK.

Southwest Pacific —Cpl. MILT SCHIFF

■ We advised nothing; we simply cited one of the Army's oldest truths. How you accept it is, of course, your own affair.

The American Male

Dear YANK:

I am not an American so I can view the American male rather dispassionately. At present I am living in a Lend-Lease area based by Americans and have been able to observe some of the antics of that strange phenomenon, the American male, and I append a few observations.

The American men are proverbial braggarts or, in common parlance, cheerful liars, whom we Northern folk cannot quite comprehend. Their story goes that their ancestors did not come over with the Pilgrim Fathers, but met them on the beach when they arrived and that they have done everything for Uncle Sam from drafting the Gettysburg Address to casting the deciding vote in the last Presidential election. But what intrigues me more than enough is this mysterious and wealthy grandmother, who leaves this wild and erring boy the large sum of $90,000. To this lie they add *sotto voce*: "You see, darling, I was her favorite." Incidentally, this "darling" is enunciated softly and would do justice to Clark Gable or George Brent in their most tender moments. . . . They are charming conversationalists; they imply that you are the exquisite exception, the unique woman and the only woman who can understand their profound and complex natures—that is the American line, as American as Walt Whitman or Woolworth's. . . .

My experience with American youngsters is that they are not dry behind the ears when they brightly tell you that they have an MA or a PhD. But to go along with Ananias, he says on taking his second drink that he is married but has a frigid wife, which doesn't mean much to Northerners as we live in that sort of clime. Then on his third drink, he slips his arm around you with the ease of long practice, tells you that he is divorced, that her name is Ellen. He pours forth a harrowing tale of abuse suffered at her hands—that the supreme insult came when she became most frightfully drunk and used vile language in front of their impressionable child. ("Yes, darling, that was the end.") . . . Another line is that they belong to the Intelligence Service, have sailed the seven seas and committed every crime in the social calendar. You are spellbound and say to yourself: "Under British law, my lad, you would be swung from a yardarm for these crimes." You later find out that this Sherlock Holmes has never been beyond the borders of Minnesota. . . .

My faith in Americans is restored when I read the story of one of the greatest figures in American history, Abraham Lincoln. He was an unpretentious man. There was no hanging around college for him until he was 24—his schooling was practically finished when he was 9. At 25 he was a member of the Illinois Parliament, at 37 a member of the American Congress and 15 years later President of the United States. All this, you will say, is history; that is true, but history worthy of emulation, and if every American child could be given the life of that martyred President to read as part of the school curriculum, I think you would find fewer confounded liars in the rank and file of American men.

Meanwhile, the American males are a happy breed of men, who should be taken with a grain of salt. Like Diogenes with his lamp, I am still looking for a truthful American male.

Newfoundland —WILHEMINA BRUENER

Atzd Mil Abbrs

Dear YANK:

In a friendly sort of way I would like to ask why you insist on printing incorrectly such abbreviations as "m sgt, s sgt, Tec 3, Tec 4 and Tec 5" and why you insist on putting a period after each? For authority on the correct use of abbreviations as used in the Army I refer you to *AR 850-150* and C1, C2 and C3. It is very difficult to get the officer candidates here to learn correct usage when they see abbreviations misused so often in YANK. . . .

Fort Monmouth, N. J. —2d Lt. LOUIE W. WALTER

■ *REULET* and ops o/a adm sub YANK sd WP the ex disch of SOP long cont w/ no app by pers at orgn Hq. In other words, we like our own system better.

Ailment

Dear YANK:

One morning I missed our duty formation and I thought I would cover up by going on sick call. Well, the doctor asked me what was bothering me, so I told him my stomach hurt, thinking I'd just get some pills and that would be all. But no, some guys had been sick from some bad meat they got in the rations, so the first thing I knew I was in the station hospital, marked "Meat Poisoning." Well, the doctor there saw I wasn't poisoned, so he started examining me and poking me in the gut with his finger. "Does that hurt?" he said. Well, he pushed so hard he just about put a hole through to my back, so I said "Yes." "Well, you got ulcers," he said, and the next thing I knew I was here in the general hospital. Well, they X-rayed me and stomach-pumped me, and they couldn't find anything wrong, so they sent me to see a brain doctor. Well, he asked me all kinds of fool questions and then he said to me: "You got nervous stomach." The next thing I knew they sent me to see a board of officers and they said: "You're no good in the Army. We're gonna send you home."

So YANK, here I am waiting to go home, and I never felt better in my life. I got started to thinking how everybody would call me 4-F and how I'd miss the Army and YANK. I don't want to go home. Tell me, YANK, what can I do?

Ashford General Hospital, W. Va. —Pvt. JOSEPH GRANT

Message Center

Members of the 18TH INF., Co. D, 1ST DIV., between 1939-1942: write 1st Lt. Andrew Bakasy, Cadet Det., GAAF, Greenwood, Miss. . . . Anyone who was in 217TH TSS, SHEPPARD FLD., 1942-3: write Cpl. Robert B. Putman, 224th AAF Base Unit, CCTS (H), Sec. D, Sioux City, Iowa. . . . Former members Co. A., 1ST BN., 6TH REGT., USMC: write Cpl. James R. Muldoon, Ser. Btry., 927th FA Bn., APO 102, Camp Swift, Tex. . . . Men who took basic training at CAMP BLANDING with CPL. PAUL J. SCHULTZ: write Co. A, 264 Inf., APO 454, 66th Div., Camp Rucker, Ala.

Lt. JOHN A. BALABAN, navigator, last heard of at Randolph Fld., Tex., 1941: write Lt. A. W. Card, CAC, AAAORP, Fort Bliss, Tex. . . . QUENTIN CHARLES, once at Lead, S. Dak.: write Pfc. Veryle Luke, Btry. C, 660th FA, Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. . . . BURNISE RAY COTTRELL, last heard of in the 68th FA Bn. at Fort Knox: write S/Sgt. William W. Riley, Ser. Btry., 912 FA Bn., Fort Jackson, S. C. . . . Cpl. PETER P. DEMOYA, with the 39th Ftr. Sq., write Pvt. Eston H. Scott, Hq. Co., 3d Bn., 387th Inf., APO 445, Fort Leonard Wood, Mo. . . . Pvt. O. M. GARRETT JR., once in Miami Beach, Fla.: write Pvt. Preston R. Leblanc, H & S Co., 1880 Avn. Engr. Bn., c/o AAB, Alamogordo, N. Mex. . . . FRANK HARRIS, last heard of in 131st Inf., Chicago: write Lt. William V. Stieber, Hq. 138 TDTB RTC, No. Camp Hood, Tex. . . . Lt. WILLIAM HENTRICH, once at Camp Campbell, last heard of in Sicily: write Lt. John C. Lawrence, Student Officer, Adv. Nav. Sch., Box 1552, Ellington Fld., Tex. . . . Pvt. EDDIE HOEFT, once at Atlantic City, N. J.: write Pfc. Johnny Davis, ATC Ground School, Hamilton Fld., Calif. . . . Lt. SAMUEL LAMANNA, 331st Engr. Cadre, Camp Adair, Oreg.: write Cpl. Frank D. Bozzo, 440th AAF Unit, Sq. D, Santa Maria, Calif. . . . Pvt. JERRY MCNEIL, last heard of in Italy: write Pvt. Robert Parker, Med. Det. B, 1878 Unit, Camp Claiborne, La. . . . Pvt. JOHN MANAH, last heard of in the 538th QM Bn., Co. C.: write Pfc. Chester R. Echternach, 582d MPEG Co., POW Camp, Weingarten, Mo. . . . Cpl. JOHN J. O'CONNOR, formerly at Fort Hamilton with the 5th CAAA: write M/Sgt. Charles E. Rogan, Co. A, 36th Bn., 9th Regt., Camp Crowder, Mo. . . . Sgt. R. C. PARKHURST, once overseas: write Sgt. James M. Love, 407 State St., Baton Rouge 13, La. . . . Sgt. GEORGE M. PAULSIN, formerly of the 212 Bn., Camp Blanding, Fla.: write A/S Bill Kucich, Sec. 1, 3013 AAF, Base Unit, Deming AAF, N. Mex. . . . Cpl. SCHOENFELD, once in Co. C, 890th Engr. Bn., spring of 1942: write Maj. C. T. Bagley, Ward C-4, Fitzsimons Gen. Hosp., Denver, Colo. . . . Lt. WALLACE SIMS, somewhere in Calif.: write Cpl. Marnard E. Johnson, Med. Det., Foster Fld., Tex. . . . WILLIAM BOWMAN SNYDER, in the National Guard in 1938 with Troop E, 111th Cav., later transferred to the Air Corps, at Jefferson Bks., Mo.: write Ens. Harry E. Wolking, NATC, Sq. 13-B, Corpus Christi, Tex. . . . A/C ELBERT J. SOWERS, King College, last heard from in Flt. 6 (44-A) at Shaw Fld., Sumter, S. C.: write Pvt. Walter Caldwell, Finance Office, APO 360, Camp Roberts, Calif.

SHOULDER PATCH EXCHANGE. A list of shoulder-patch collectors' names will be sent to you if you write *Shoulder Patch Exchange*, YANK, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. Specify whether you want your name added to the list.

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A Manual for SUMP-HOLE DIGGERS

or

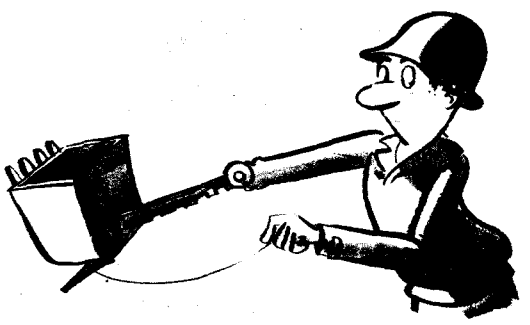
All the Meatballs in Italy Don't Come With the Spaghetti

Enjoy yourself to the utmost beforehand; indulge your tastes to the fullest, whatever your tastes may be.

By Pvt. JOHN PATRICK MORAN

ITALY—Somehow the Army's efficiency has dropped a bit in my estimation. In all the history of Army logistics, no manual has ever been prepared on the proper method of digging those GI sump holes.

My own experience with sump holes was the result of unofficial extension of a pass. Wally and I spent three days in the rest area at the rear, and on the morning we were to return someone handed us our pay. The pay was our undoing. A few belts of cognac, some eggs and chips, and we found ourselves back in town instead of in the bivouac area, where we should have been. It seems that in our stupor we had stood on the wrong side of the road and hitched a ride in the



Steamshovel arm is an occupational disease.

wrong direction, a mistake that will always puzzle me. Returning to camp the next day, we were given a pick and two shovels. "Dig it over there," said our genial friend, the first sergeant, pointing to a piece of ground that must have been used by the Neapolitans for crushing marble. Wally and I could see ourselves developing two cases of steamshovel arm.

Before I continue, permit me to say that if you expect to dig for the punishment, enjoy yourself to the utmost beforehand. Lay right into the cognac, enjoy whatever feminine companionship the countryside affords and indulge all your tastes to the fullest, whatever your tastes may be. Then you will have memories, and memories are psychologically damned important when you begin breaking the ground.

Having disposed with the preliminaries, we can begin on the hole proper. The first, and one of the most essential steps in the digging of a sump hole is to confer with your associate regarding the terrain, the methods of preparation and attack, and any problem relating to the proper state of mind of both parties involved. After such consultation, a fitting ceremony for ground breaking may be provided by the sound of trumpet fanfare, done with comb and toilet paper by friendly KPs, whose tones must be muffled so as not to draw attention of such as might be lurking about.

The next step is to procure from the mess sergeant (who probably owes you at least 10 skins from the last crap game) a can of tomato, pineapple or grapefruit juice. Remove the wrapper to conceal the contents of the can and place the can in any inconspicuous spot within arm's reach. Having removed helmet lining and undershirt, commence digging.

It is best to avoid digging out the bottom or squaring off the sides until the next day, when your energy has felt the rejuvenating effects of a hearty supper and a full night's rest.

A 6-by-6-by-6 sump hole means a displacement of 216 cubic feet of earth, if earth it may be called. Figuring four inches to the layer, we have 18 layers to dig. Forty strokes of the pick will break up a cubic foot of earth: 10 swings of the shovel will dispose of it. Applying some pretty advanced mathematics for one of my IQ, I estimate 324,000 strokes with the pick and 2,160 swings with the shovel for the complete job. This will vary with the stature and physical construction of the diggers, their ability to withstand fatigue, and their initiative and incentive. When the hole has been dug sufficiently deep to provide privacy, workers should give themselves a 10-minute break at least every half-hour.

At the four-foot level, a few strokes of the pick should be invested to make steps on each side of the hole. These will facilitate climbing in and out to make trips for extra cigarettes and a jaunt now and then to the latrine tent.

At 1630 it is advisable to try to return the tools to the supply tent, although it is certain that the noncom in charge will refuse to accept them until the first sergeant approves. At any rate, you have given yourselves another break, which is all gravy. Such a break is needed for the long stretch between 1630 and chow time.

When darkness sets in, the diggers cannot be expected to work with quite as much diligence, so a great portion of the time can be devoted to reviewing the events responsible for your getting this detail in the first place. The first sergeant can be expected to release you for the day sometime after the evening's recreation is through.

There is no feeling like the sensation of sheer satisfaction experienced on the following morning when you view the massive depths and clean-cut classic lines of your first sump hole. When one of the boys peeks over the mounting dirt about the sump hole and asks "Was it worth it, chum?" suck in your gut and smile.

The problem of systemizing the handling, care and nomenclature of the equipment used has been left untouched in this treatise. I believe, however, that I shall again have the opportunity to study the situation in detail, and I will report my further findings at such time.

A fitting fanfare for the ground-breaking may be provided by KPs with comb and toilet paper.

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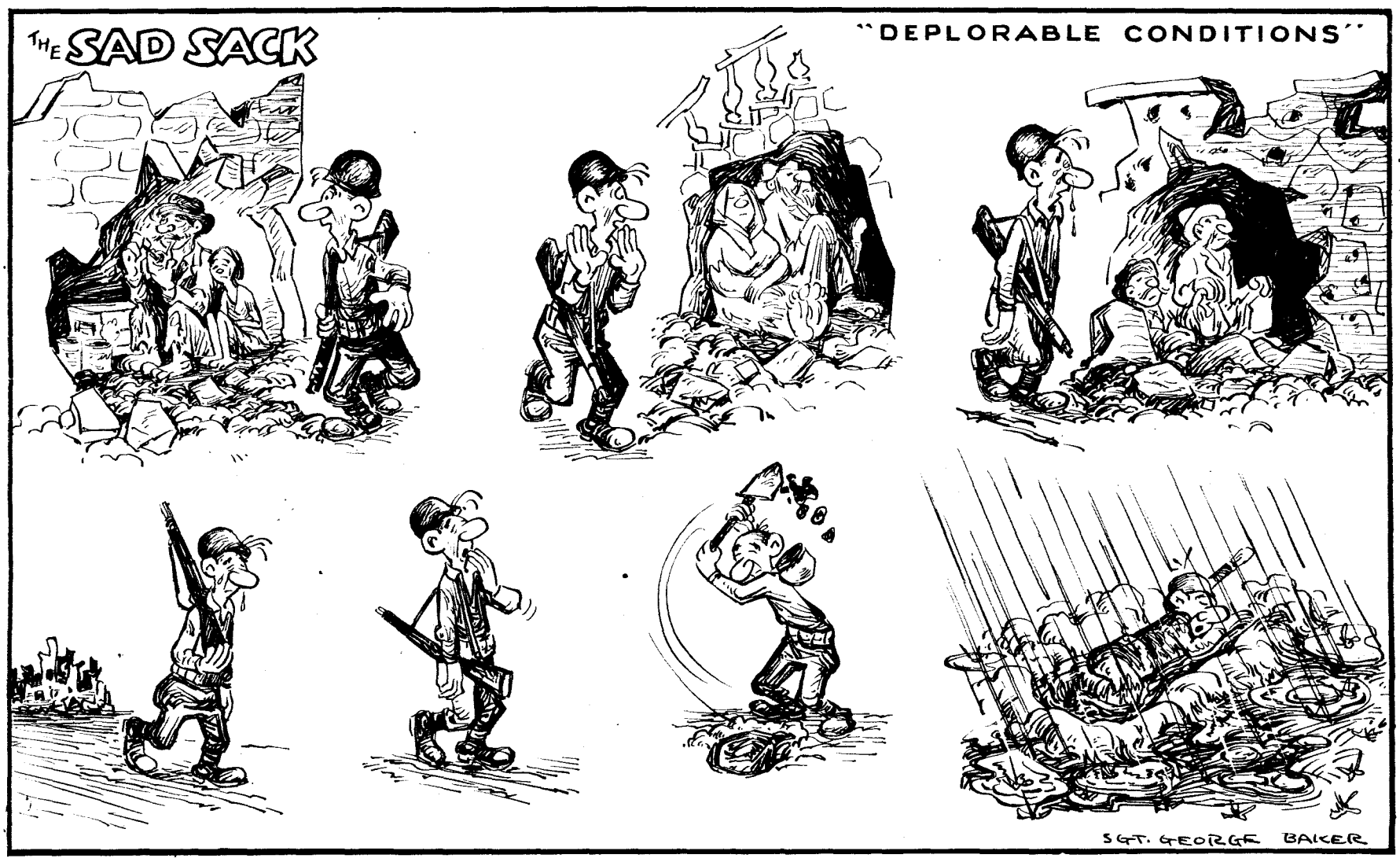

Two Children—Two Homes

Dear YANK:

My wife and I have decided to separate, and we have agreed that she keep one of our children and I keep the other child (who will live with my mother while I am in service), but we are confused about the dependency allowance granted by the Government for soldiers' children. The child I am to keep is the older son, and since he's the first child in the family I shall be allowed $30 a month for him, but my wife will be getting only $20 a month for her child (since he is the second son). Is there any way we can "even" this up without having to arrange personal payments from me to her each month?

Italy —S/Sgt. GERALD LESLIE

■ Yes. If a GI has two children, one living in his own household and the other in the household of his separated wife, the Office of Dependency Benefits has ruled that the total family allowance will be equally divided between the children. In other words, each child in your case will receive $25 a month.

Loss By Fire

Dear YANK:

When I was in the States recently, just before I shipped out here, our barracks caught fire and the joint blazed up like a munitions plant in Hamburg. We never even had a chance to save our stuff and I, for one, lost many personal items I valued highly. Nothing was left but ashes. I wasn't able to put in any claim because I shipped out too fast, but isn't there some way that I can bill the Army now for that personal stuff I lost in the fire?

Hawaii —Cpl. JOHN STROM

■ A GI can put in a claim for personal loss under certain circumstances, according to *AR 25-100*, but it seems pretty clear from your letter that you are out of luck. An opinion in a case apparently identical with yours was published in the *Bulletin of the Judge Advocate of the Army—January 1944* (Vol. III, No. 1: chapter 10, section 715, page 20). Several aviation cadets had put in a claim for loss of personal property destroyed in a barracks fire, and the JAG ruled they "were not engaged in saving human lives or government property in danger at the same time, nor in the performance of authorized military duties in connection with the fire." The claim was disproved. Our guess is that yours would be, too.

What's Your Problem?

Father and Son

Dear YANK:

I've a problem that even Mr. Anthony couldn't solve. He wrote me and said to go and see my chaplain. Well, sir, it's this way. I met a girl in the States in 1939. She was living with a fellow, not legally married. In 1940 she gave birth to a baby boy, my son. But as I wasn't at her side, she gave the baby this fellow's name. Later he died. I was away at that time, too, and couldn't get back to her. Later she married, legally, another fellow. Then in 1942 this man committed an FBI crime. He's now serving his second year of a possible 10-year sentence. I've written to her, and she's willing to cooperate in any way to have my son's name changed to mine as I'm helping with his support. I'm still not married to my son's mother, and at this time she is living with yet another fellow and by September will give birth to his baby. Isn't there some way I can give my son my name without having to marry his mommy?

Britain —Sgt. M.C.H.

■ In most states it is possible to change an official birth record to show the name of a child's real father. You did not mention the state in which your son was born, but if you tell your legal assistance officer he will be able to inform you just how to apply to the proper state authorities to get your son's record corrected.

Service Records

Dear YANK:

Before I left the States I got into the bad graces of my CO through no fault of my own, and I think he must have given me an "unsatisfactory" efficiency rating in my service record, because some of my buddies have just received the Good Conduct Medal and I didn't. I'd like to check my service record and confirm my suspicions, but my sergeant says I cannot see it. Doesn't a GI have the right to look at his own record?

India —Cpl. PAUL STEVENS

■ No. *AR 345-125* which applies to service records, says nothing about a GI having the right to look at his own record. Moreover, the AR specifically provides that when a GI changes station alone and takes his service record with him it will be carried in a sealed envelope.

RHIP

Dear YANK:

At the Victorville (Calif.) AAF, commissioned officers work for and take orders from warrant officers. Is this in accordance with RHIP (Rank Has Its Privileges)?

Victorville AAF, Calif. —2d Lt. J. C. BRONSON

■ No. But if warrant officers can give orders to second lieutenants, maybe EM can start giving orders to warrant officers.

Drilling Square Holes

Dear YANK:

Ever since I came into the Army I've been plagued by doubting Thomases when I told them what I did in civilian life, and I know I've lost out on some good deals because resentful officers thought I was pulling their legs when they interviewed me for various jobs. So YANK, if you will please put into print that fellows *can* make a living out of drilling square holes (and that this has no connection with left-handed monkey wrenches or sky-hooks), I will carry your clipping around as official protection against Army wise guys.

Australia —Pvt. NICHOLAS KOMITO

■ Glad to help. As a matter of fact, there is a tool firm in Pennsylvania that drills square holes. A special drill has three lips, with the heel of each "land" rocking the drill so that it turns a corner as its lip finishes a side cut. The motion of the chuck enables the drill to move in alternate cycloid curves whose cords ——. But, say, this can go on for a long time. Suppose we just say you're right. Okay?

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The GI Bill of Rights

By YANK Washington Bureau

WASHINGTON, D.C.—The GI Bill of Rights, now approved by Congress and signed by the President, promises more to veterans than any law in U.S. history.

For instance, a lot of ex-GIs may get a post-war job with the help of the Veterans' Placement Service the bill authorizes; others may receive unemployment compensation for as long as a year; some may borrow as much as $2,000 to buy a home, farm or new business, and many may get a free year or more of college.

Here are the main provisions of the bill:

EDUCATION. If you were drafted or enlisted before you were 25 and served more than 90 days (except for time in the ASTP or Navy college training program), you're eligible for at least some of the educational benefits.

You can go to any college or university or trade school approved by the Veterans' Administration, and it looks now as if that will include just about all of them.

You can attend college anywhere in the country, and you can also have your tuition paid for attending school part-time or going to night school for as long as a year.

You'll be able to take any kind of refresher or retraining course you want, and you are entitled to at least a year of training or college study. Then, if your work is satisfactory, you may be eligible for as much as three years more. However, you can't attend school longer than the time you were in the service.

The Government will pay up to $500 a year tuition and subsistence of $50 a month if you have no dependents and $75 a month if you have.

In order to get these educational benefits you'll have to start to whatever school you choose within two years after the end of the war or within two years after you get your discharge, which ever is the later. If you wait longer than that, the deal is off.

EMPLOYMENT. A Veterans' Placement Service will be set up to cooperate with the U.S. Employment Service, and the combination will act as "an effective counseling and employment placement service for veterans."

In each state, and in many home towns, there will be a veterans' employment representative, himself a veteran. He will work with the Employment Service, and it will be his job to supervise the registration of veterans in local employment offices, keep up-to-date dope on available jobs, try to interest employers in hiring veterans and "assist in every possible way in improving working conditions and the advancement of employment of veterans."

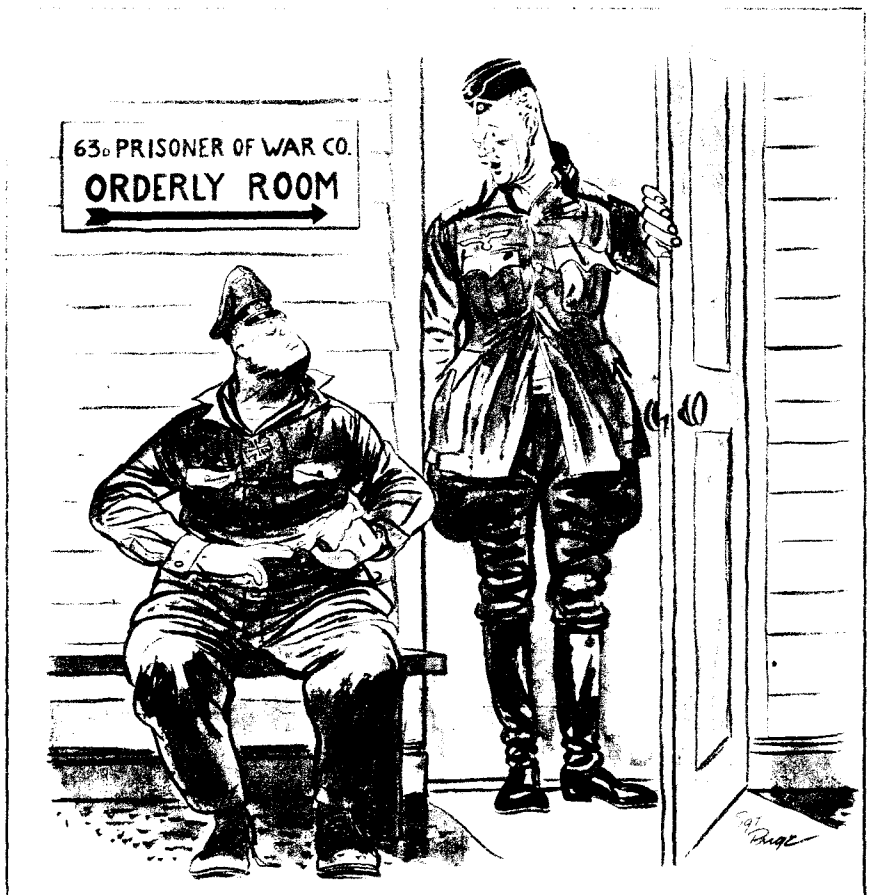
LOANS. The Veterans' Administration will guarantee 50 percent of a loan of not more than $2,000 at 4-percent interest or less if it's for a purpose the VA finds "practicable." The VA will also pay the interest for the first year on the part it guarantees. You can borrow the money from a state or Federal agency or a private institution.

You can get a loan to be used in buying a house if you plan to live in it or in building a new house for yourself on property you already own. You can also borrow money to repair or alter your home or to pay off indebtedness or taxes on the property.

If you're a farmer, you can get a loan to buy land, buildings, livestock, farm equipment and machinery or to repair buildings and equipment on your farm. All you have to show is that "there is a reasonable likelihood that such operations will be successful" and that you're not paying too much for what you get.

Ex-GIs who want to have their own businesses can borrow money for buying "any business, land, building, supplies, equipment, machinery or tools to be used by the applicant in pursuing a gainful occupation (other than farming)." The Veterans' Administration will approve such a loan if you can show that you have the ability and experience to make it "reasonably likely" that the business will succeed and that you're not being overcharged.

Finally, if you can get one loan from a Federal agency and need another to apply to the cost of a home, farm, business, new equipment or repairs, the Veterans' Administration will guarantee the full amount of the second loan if it's not more than $2,000. However, the second loan can't total more than 20 percent of the price you're paying, and the interest can't be more than 1 percent in excess of the interest on the first loan.



"Vell, Hans, I guess ve vill have to forget about that beer garden in Cincinnati. Herr Captain says this GI Bill of Rights only gives these business loans to American soldiers."

That means that if you are paying $5,000 for a house and borrow $4,000 from the Federal Housing Administration, the additional $1,000 you need will be guaranteed by the VA.

READJUSTMENT ALLOWANCES. If you're unemployed after you receive your discharge, you're entitled to as much as $20 a week for as long as a year if you apply not later than two years after the war or your discharge, whichever is the later date. No allowance will be paid which begins later than five years after the end of the war.

If you also receive any state or Federal unemployment compensation, that amount will be subtracted from the veterans' allowance you receive.

You won't get any allowance if you're unemployed because you quit work "without good cause," are fired because of "misconduct in the course of employment," are out of work because of a strike or lock-out or won't apply for a new job or take an available free training course.

But if you have your own business and are making less than $100 a month, you will still be eligible for some allowances.

HOSPITALIZATION. The Veterans' Administration will take over many Army and Navy hospitals when they're no longer needed after the war, and 500 million dollars has been appropriated for building new hospitals.

BONUS. If a bonus is paid discharged GIs after the war, the act provides that benefits already paid under the GI Bill of Rights will be deducted from the bonus, and if a veteran has already received *a loan* under terms of the act, the agency paying the bonus will first pay the unpaid balance and interest on the loan.

MANY details affecting the application of the act to specific veterans remain to be worked out by the Veterans' Administration.

But there's not much doubt that the GI Bill of Rights is the most significant veterans' legislation ever passed. Just about everybody in uniform will be affected by it.

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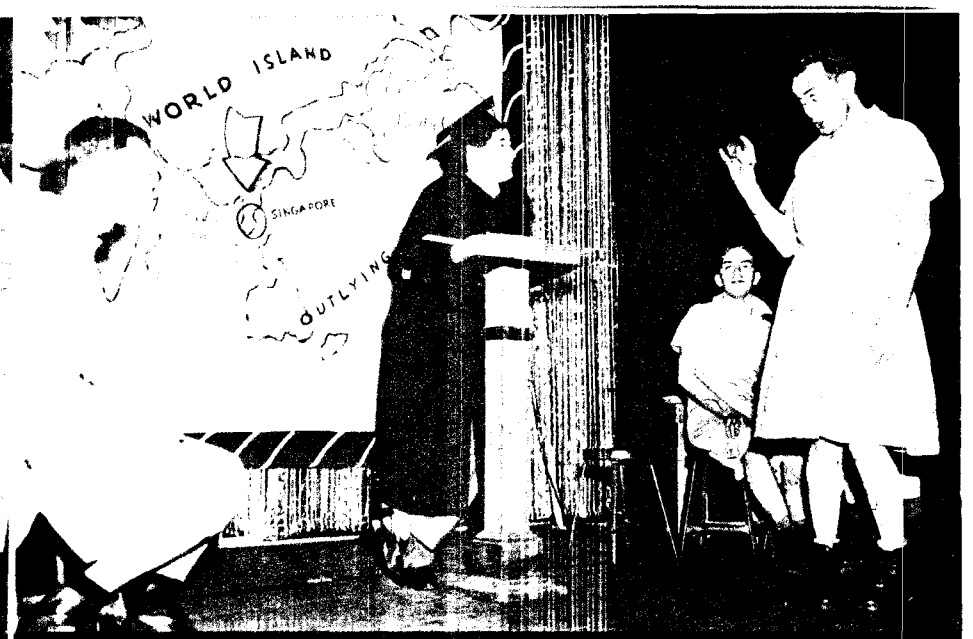
gt. Jeanette Goldberg and Pvt. Bill Murdock made the audience laugh with heir argument on the WAC. Cpl. Maurice Basseches cups an ear to catch the iscussion, which was the finale in one of Fort Hamilton's novel orientation shows.



Sgt. Ziggy Lane (center) appears to like the apple offered by Cpl. Bryan McKeogh in a schoolroom skit that highlighted the show on geopolitics entitled "It's a Small World." Sgt. Lane sang "The World Has Become a Very Small Place."

-5 Richard Fehr, dressed as Nazi officer, has just laced marker, "Industrial Power," on invasion heckerboard. "Strategic Air Power" countered this.

Showmanship Gives Lift to Orientation

Fort Hamilton, N. Y.—Once there was a young officer who was picked by his CO to be orientation officer for his outfit. He started off his duties with an hour-long dissertation on the Atlantic Charter. His men fell asleep and the Wacs in the audience didn't speak to him for a week. And that seems to be pretty much the general attitude toward orientation.

But not at Fort Hamilton. Here orientation is an enlisted man's show. When the GIs and Wacs stream in the WD theater for their weekly hour on the war and its problems, they know they are going to be talked to in their own language by their own buddies. They know also that they'll probably be able to have something to say themselves, possibly a chance to get a load of gripe off their chests.

This novel streamlined orientation presentation is the work of a small staff of GIs and Wacs who, with the exception of one man, are doing part-time work to stimulate interest in this program. Cpl. Maurice Basseches, assistant to the orientation officer, is the only man who gives all his time to the project. The rest have been borrowed from the theater, editorial, art and motion-picture departments of Special Service.

They start Monday afternoon preparing the next week's show. And show is what it must be called, since it combines theater, radio and advertising techniques to put over its ideas. It provides drama, acted out with professional smoothness by GIs on the staff; music, written by a well-known hit writer, Cpl. Harold Rome, and laughs, provided by such professionals as Sgt. Ziggy Lane, former crooner at New York City's Paramount Theater.

But, perhaps more important, the audience is often given a chance to take part in the program. A recent show, titled "The Gripers," ended with an open discussion in which gripes about the post were well aired. What to do with Germany after the war was the subject of another program, written by Pvt. Patricia Keuhner, who left Wheaton College in Massachusetts to join the WAC. After each main argument was presented, the discussion was thrown open for audience participation.

Each show is well planned and the details are worked out thoroughly. The first step is the Monday staff meeting at which ideas are discussed. Once a subject has been chosen and the writers assigned, Cpl. Basseches, T/Sgt. William Mulvey, show supervisor and ranking noncom on the staff, and Sgt. Glenn Jordan, director, talk over the idea and get the approval of it from Lt. Col. William G. Nicklas, orientation officer.

The writing staff then takes over and the writers assigned work out the script. They must work fast since rehearsals for the following week's show start on Tuesday of the previous week. Usually the writing is done by a team of two from the staff which includes Pvt. Keuhner, Pvt. Carl Pearl, Cpl. Walter Murphy, Cpl. Dick Fehr and Cpl. Basseches.

The finished script goes to Cpl. Henry Mangravite. With his three assistants, Pvt. Julia Ginsburg, Pfc. William Ward and Pvt. William Holbrook, Cpl. Mangravite works out the art details—designing and painting whatever props and scenery are required.

Then the script is given to Cpl. Rome, who composes a song to order for the show. Sgt. Jordan takes it from there, getting his cast together and working his rehearsals in whenever the men and women have free time. Dress rehearsals are held on Saturday and Sunday and the show goes on at 1030 on Monday. At 1300 of that same day, the routine starts all over again.

camp news

Ammo Adapter for 57-mm

Camp Polk, La.—T/Sgt. Harry Graham of Co. A, 52d Armd. Inf. Bn., is credited with the invention of an adapter which permits the use of .30-caliber ammunition in the 57-mm antitank gun. The device has been successfully used by several Armored Infantry battalions in the 9th Armd. Div. and effects a considerable saving in the cost of ammunition for training purposes.

The same traversing and sighting mechanism is used as for firing regular 57-mm ammo, and the maximum range is 580 yards. There is no disadvantage in using the adapter insofar as practice firing is concerned.

The Infantry School at Fort Benning, Ga., has asked for a set of blueprints of Graham's invention. Most of the material used by Graham to fashion the device came from scrap.

The Old College Spirit

Camp Gruber, Okla.—Pvt. Dick Ashmore of Co. F, 232d Inf., was hard at work digging a latrine on bivouac when Pfc. Paul B. Crane handed him a letter from his college. "They never forget a guy," said Ashmore after he opened the letter and read:

"We want to let you know how much we appreciate your contribution to the war effort. We hope you will soon be back to give us, in exacting details, the colorful story of your interesting work. . . ."

A Rank Deal

Selfridge Field, Mich.—Pvt. Walter K. Miles of the 146th AAF Base Unit was waiting for a bus when a sergeant came along and asked him if he was going into Mt. Clemens. When Miles said that he was, the sergeant handed him a letter to drop at the post office and gave him money for air-mail, special-delivery postage.

The two men boarded the bus. The sergeant got the only vacant seat, so Miles stood all the way to town. There he got off just in back of the sergeant. He watched amazed as the sergeant walked off and went right past the post office.

BIRD BARRACKS. It's really a model of the chapel at Alexandria (La.) Air Field that Cpl. Marvin Meriweather has built as a bird house.

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Why the Private Was Late

Camp Joseph T. Robinson, Ark.—Pvt. Elmer E. McCoy of Batesville, Ark., a trainee in the 77th Regiment, saved seven persons from possible drowning recently and returned to camp a day late from his pass.

"Nobody has said anything to me about it, yet," said Pvt. McCoy. "I got my uniform all wet, too."

McCoy was on his way to Batesville to catch a train back to camp when he saw a car careening down the road toward him. "It looked like the brakes had failed," he said, "and I jumped to let the car pass. I guess it must have been going 60 miles an hour when it reached the dam. It turned a somersault before it hit the water."

The accident took place at the east end of a mill-stream dam, about 40 feet from the point where McCoy and his brother Elby were standing. In the car were a man, three women and three children. One of the women, Mrs. Henry Collie, a neighbor of McCoy's, was driving.

The private got to Mrs. Collie first. She had been thrown through the cloth top of the 1931 Model A Ford and was about 10 feet from the car, which was submerged in nine feet of water. He towed her and one of the children to shore, about 35 feet away, then made successive trips back to the submerged car to bring out the other two children and then the man and the other two women.

After running a quarter of a mile to call an ambulance, McCoy went back home for some dry clothes. "Elby," he said, "couldn't swim so good, and he gets kind of excited."

Millions to Spare

Lockbourne Army Air Field, Ohio—S/Sgt. Eugene Borloglou, inspector with Section 305, is a guy who's worth $15,000,000—when, as and if he gets it. The money is an inheritance from his grandfather and comprises real estate, mines and an estate in Turkey.

The present Turkish Government confiscated the properties in 1922, it is reported, but lawyers have advised Borloglou that they believe he can eventually collect what is due him.

AROUND THE CAMPS

Sedalia Army Air Field, Mo.—M/Sgt. David Hand has had continuous service in the Army since November 1917. Uncle Dave, as he is called here, has served with almost every branch of the Army and was in the old Air Corps when they were still flying open ships with wooden propellers. The other day Sgt. Hand glanced at the bulletin board and saw the topper to his 27 years of service. The notice read: "The following men will report for the purpose of taking a basic training screening test." M/Sgt. Hand's name led all the rest.

Camp Swift, Tex.—S/Sgt. Frederick E. Brandt of Co. A, 1251st Engr. Combat Bn. is really "overseas" here but doesn't draw his 20-percent pay. When he was stationed in Oahu, at Schofield Barracks, he was really "home," but he drew the overseas pay. You see, in peacetime Brandt is a resident of Honolulu.

DOUBLE NO-HITTER

Fort Sheridan, Ill.—Pvt. John Morris pitched a heart-breaking no-hit game here recently. His opponent, Sgt. William Miller, also pitched a no-hitter. Morris lost the game, however. He gave up four walks and his teammates made three errors to give Miller's team the victory, 1 to 0.

Jackson Army Air Base, Miss.—Sgt. Spangler A. McManus was in the midst of a mystery novel when it was time for lights out. He set about to finish the thriller by flashlight under the covers. It was an uncomfortable set-up, but he didn't mind. But when he reached the final chapter he almost blew his top. A bindery error had caused the last chapter of some other book to be inserted instead of the one in which McManus was interested.

Bryan Army Air Field, Tex.—Cpl. John K. Ranier was restricted for the week end by his CO for failure to fill out and turn in a physical-fitness record form. Cpl. Ranier is in the PT department and has been in charge of soldiers reporting for the physical-fitness tests. He just never got around to doing the required exercises himself.

Camp Shelby, Miss.—S/Sgt. Charles Barone of Co. C, 259th Inf., tells about a private who was detailed as a range guard while his buddies fired a combat problem. Among the spectators were several generals and other high-ranking officers. One brigadier general said to the private: "There's a lot of brass around here today, son. Do you know what you're going to do?" The private answered: "Yes, sir. Pick it up."

Fort McClellan, Ala.—T-5 Tom Finnegan, assistant editor of the *Cycle*, swears this actually happened. A new hostess, unfamiliar with Army lingo, was hired for the guest house at this IRTC and set about to do her new job efficiently. An excited trainee rushed in and blurted: "Latrine! Where can I locate the latrine?" The new hostess thumbed hurriedly through a list and finally said: "I'm sorry but I don't have any reservation for Miss La Treen."

EYE-CATCHER. If the gam doesn't stop them, the neon light will. Pvt. Edward Egg of Camp Crowder, Mo., demonstrates his hitch signal.

GI BATH. Cpl. Ed Chrzanowski of the Ab (Tex.) Army Air Base gives his pet pooch, J ers, a going-over before weekly inspec

SALAD FANCIER. Film Star Betty Hutton looks over the well-earned decorations of tail gunner T/Sgt. Bruno C. Stanczyk, now at Santa Ana (Calif.) Air Base.

TROOP TRIBUTE. It took 5,000 men on the post parade ground of Camp Stewart, Ga., to spell out t tribute to the foot fighters. At the same time, more than 35,000 other troops training in this largest U. Army reservation paused for precisely five seconds, doffing their helmets in silent praise of the Infant

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LITANY FOR HOMESICK MEN

A litany for all men homesick:
For all men crying sick
In all camps over all America
And too far away across the waters
For even the furloughs we yearn about,
In a circle under the one dim bulb
In the barracks.

A litany for all men:
Those who dream at night of home
Before battle-dawn and the bombers rising;
And those with too much time to think
Here in the humdrum barracks.
Training finished and waiting for shipment,
With MPs at the gates; and those
Behind electric wires with the jaded guards.
Japanese or German, hoping to shoot
When they cross the dead line.

A litany of all our longings,
Walled in overweight khaki
Or turreted in the nauseous tanks
Bolted down for the break-through.

A litany of yearnings:
For the town we came from; Joe's place on the corner
And beer and chili and Cincinnati Dutch accents;
For the sickish ozone of the 6 o'clock rush
In the subway; or the Polish cry
Of the El conductor in Chicago; for the thick steaks
Of a little restaurant in DuBois, Pennsylvania;
Or the sleepy streets of Georgetown, Kentucky,
Walking into stone-walled blue-grass meadows;
For Memphis and the great bluff on the Mississippi
And the high woods of the Arkansas shore
After sunset.

A litany for all homes we lived in:
For the tall apartments in Yonkers with zig-zagged
Fire escapes, and round and rich with the Yiddish voices;
For the cabin in a Kentucky cove, puncheon-floored
And with a Spanish rifle won from another war
Gracing the mantelpiece; for the tall-gabled
Brick villa in the wide-lawned suburb.
For my own home, small weathered white cottage
On a quiet street in Bloomington, Indiana,
And a robin nesting under the front-porch eaves,
And a rabbit in the garden thinking it his right
To lop my tomato plants, and a great black table
With a line of my books on it, and Peggy my wife
To walk with on the back lawn among limestone walls
With twilight coming on.

A litany for all of us;
O words that bring back our homes for a space
And give us a quiet place for worship,
And peace in our hearts, after the cursing camp.
Home will always be with us, whether or not
We ever see it again, a picture in our brain,
Colors and odors and sounds half remembered.
When hate of an unseen enemy cannot hold us,
This homesick litany will lead us into battle;
For the homes we lived in once long ago
Are strength on the march and a steady grip
On the killing tools and a tried hand
On the poised trench mortar.

New Guinea —Cpl. HARGIS WESTERFIELD

A LEAF

I am a leaf among a world of leaves.
What tempest blows? I shall be lifted
On its winds and borne in which direction
Hurls the storm and blast of fury unsuppressed.

I am no fragile leaf a storm can break.
A fury can destroy;
I shall outlive the wind that feels
That it can chart my destined course.

I am a strong green leaf that soon shall soar
Amid a time and space wherein
I then may choose to wander
Or to live my life according to the schemes of dreams.

India —Sgt. CARLYLE OBERLE

WASHED-OUT CADET

I cannot ever free myself of planes.
  Their glides and sun-winks fever me unending.
My ardor at their coming never wanes—
  The ghostly drone, the golden moonpath wending.
The sizes, shapes, the speeds, the destinations,
  The goggled and the leathern human creatures.
On, on, to London, Naples, leafy atoll stations;
  The lolling, leering guns; the magic features
Of a ship. That turret is a turtle's head:
  It can go in or out at will; that gunner's shield
Defies an angry wither-spate of lead.
  That sight could draw a bead on weevils in a field.
Now I am hounded by the wolf packs of the sky;
  Their cosmic hunting haunts me, and I know no rest;
I must run with them, do not ask me why.
  Look there, a plane is silvering the west.

Laredo AAF, Tex. —Pvt. JOSEPH DEVER

WALTER WINCHELL'S PREDICTION

Walter Winchell says the war will end in just six weeks.
He must be drinking a certain lotion from the way he speaks.
Six weeks? It takes longer for laundry to be returned
A letter won't clear the channels in that time, as you've learned.
Six weeks? After the furlough list has reached your name,
It takes the adjutant longer just to sign the same.
Six weeks? A cold sends you to the infirmary,
And it takes more time before they will set you free.
Six weeks? Why just to vote while overseas our Yanks
Will spend that time in filling out questionnaires and blanks.
Six weeks? Here is a fact that must impress:
It even takes longer to go through OCS.

I feel like the old maid of whom it has been said,
She had no hope but nightly peeked under her bed.
I don't believe he's right; don't see how anyone could,
But I've got my fingers crossed, and I'm knocking on wood.

Herbert Smart Airport, Ga. —Sgt. NATHANIEL ROGOVOY

THE DEATH OF PVT. JONES

Let's say that Pvt. Jones died quietly.
Let's say that when the first wave stormed the shore
A single shot went through his heart, and he
Slipped lifeless to the sand. Not one man saw
Him die, so busied they with lying hid
And crawling on, yet all men felt the breath
Of leaden wings come close, and when they did,
It made his passing seem a public death.
So much for Jones. He died as one of scores.
And on a distant beach. But when they bring
The news to those who count the cost of wars,
A private's death becomes a private thing.
How strange that war's arithmetic discounts
The spread of sorrow as the sorrow mounts!

Camp Butner, N. C. —Sgt. HAROLD APPLEBAUM

SEDUCTION

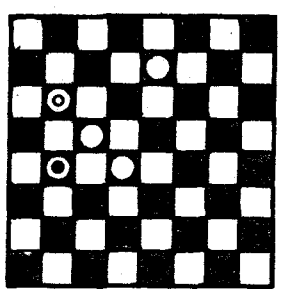
A woman smiles,
Entrances, beguiles;
  Mere man succumbs
To feminine wiles.

Events transpire,
Repressed desire
  Sears the soul
With consuming fire.

With the dawn
He is gone;
  Woman glorious, ever victorious,
Slumbers on.

Could I but see
What bewilders me:
  Who is the conquered,
He or she?

Sioux City AAB, Iowa —Pfc. R. G. SMETANA



WHITE is one ahead in this checker game, but Black seems sure to get two checkers right away. White has the first move, and if he plays it right, the game will come out a draw. Do you see how it can be done?

To keep track of your moves, number the black squares on your checkerboard from 1 to 32 as shown. Now set up the checkers as indicated in the diagram. The three white circles represent red checkers. The white circle with a ring inside it on square 9 is a red king. The two black circles represent black checkers, and the one on square 17 is a black king.

SHE IS a blue-eyed blonde, 110 pounds, 5 feet, 6 inches, whose screen name is June Vincent but whose real name is Dorothy June Smith. She doesn't drink or smoke because her father once asked her not to, and her father is the Rev. Dr. Willis E. Smith of Boston. Her new movie for Universal Pictures is "The Climax," and it's just about here that we've got to be honest and tell you she has already got a husband. A Navy guy.

IF you know a guy who thinks he's good at arithmetic, you can bet him a beer on this problem—and the chances are you will probably win it. Here's the problem:

Imagine a huge sheet of very thin paper—five hundredths of an inch thick. You cut this sheet in half and put one piece on top of the other. You cut those two in half and pile up the four pieces. Now you cut the four pieces in half and stack them up in a pile—and you keep on doing this until you have cut and piled 50 times.

Allow your brainy friend no more than 30 seconds to estimate how thick the final pile of paper is going to be.

Let him check the answer below that he thinks is most nearly correct.

( ) 1 inch ( ) 4 feet ( ) 1 mile
( ) 6 inches ( ) 500 feet ( ) 35,000,000 miles

PUZZLE SOLUTIONS

CHECKER STRATEGY. White moves 7 to 2. Black jumps 17 to 10. . . . White moves 18 to 15. Black jumps 10 to 19. . . . White moves 9 to 14. Black king moves anywhere. . . . White moves 2 to 6. The draw is now apparent. White holds down two black checkers with one, and at the same time he has the move on Black's king. Black cannot effectively bring his king around to cooperate with his other pieces, because White can pin him down to the side of the board.

BEER BETS. The pile of paper will be about 35 million miles high. Well, figure it out. There are 63,360 inches in a mile.

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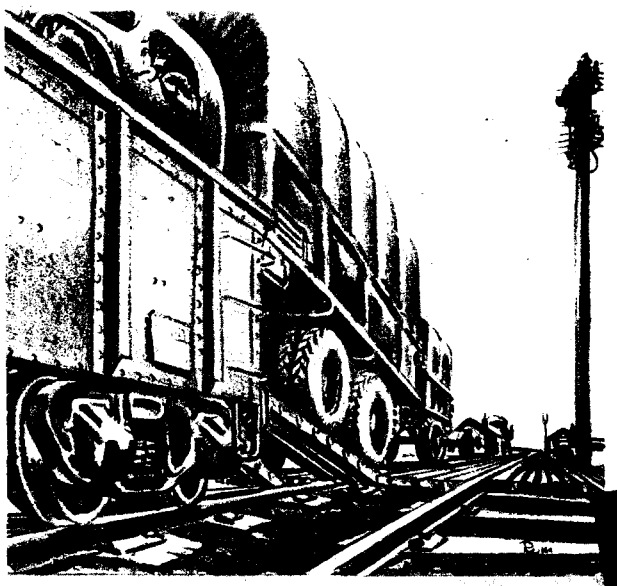

Scenes at Camp Phillips, Kans., Sketched by Pfc. Robert Murray

PX

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Skyward a Sparrow

"Do you often get letters from young girls?" she asked.

The soldier and the girl were sitting on a couch in the shoddy hotel lobby, with the sun streaming opulently through the windows behind them.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I don't suppose I'm being very polite." He looked up from the envelope—there was a postscript on the back—and over to the girl sitting beside him, her black dress shining in the sunlight.

"Your dress shines in the sunlight," he said.

"Yes, I know," she said.

He opened the letter and started reading the second paragraph:

I don't know what it is. It's something that makes leaves turn gold in autumn and green again in the spring. It makes the wind sweep skyward a sparrow to see what man may never see. It is time caught between tomorrow and today, the time that never comes and yet is always there just beyond your fingertips. . . .

"What seems to be on her mind?" the girl on the couch was saying.

"Oh, nothing much." He smiled to himself. "The weather, mostly."

"Isn't that nice."

He went on reading. *Maybe some day, if I reach high enough, long enough, hard enough, I'll know. . . .* He skipped down to the end . . . . *and you shall tell me of all the wonders, just beyond the stars.*

"What's she like?" the girl asked.

"Like?" The boy stuffed the letter into his pocket. "She's only 15. Let's go eat."

Pratt AAF, Kans. —Pfc. KNOX BURGER

Fill It Out and Leave It

I AM writing this in the secret hope that it will come to the attention of the government of some nice little country, say in South America, that will need an expert to run its army as soon as this war is over. As I figure it, now is the time to think about a career, and after the training I have received I should be able to make an excellent living in the army business.

It all began when I was at Fort Custer, working as an MP. Interesting, respectable work, but as my wife pointed out, no future in it. "There's no future in it, honeybunch," she said one night at dinner. "We have to think ahead. What will it fit you for? To be a traffic cop? A conductor? A warden? I think you ought to learn army administration, so you can open your own army." Carried away by her feelings she jabbed her fork through my steel helmet, inflicting an ugly gash on my right temple.

But I had to admit that the little woman was, as usual, utterly right. A boy has to look ahead. The next morning I burst into the orderly room, bowled over the first sergeant and confronted the company commander. "Sir," I demanded, "send me to school! I want to learn how to run an Army. My wife——." The captain was instantly sympathetic. Hacking his way through red tape, he arranged my transfer then and there, and in less than a year I was at Fort Washington. There I carried books with my left hand, saluted with my right and learned how to direct a modern up-to-date military machine.

When that agent from some nice little country, say in South America, comes around to talk business I will dazzle him with the originality and soundness of my ideas for waging war.

Take my form 31A. That is for men who have not had a good time on furlough and want another one right way. It is to be filled out in triplicate, with the second copy going to The Adjutant General, whose hobby is collecting copies of forms.

I am abolishing the statement of charges. If a soldier loses his trousers in a financial speculation or breaks his rifle butt by cracking butternuts with it, I feel he's had enough trouble and there's no use embarrassing him further. A frank, manly apology (form 36B) is all that is needed. This will do wonders for morale.

My new form 23F is a honey. If you are at a USO dance and some friend with three stripes keeps cutting in while you are waltzing with a desirable number, you just whip out your form book and fill out a voucher, entitling you to the girl's exclusive companionship for the next hour (that should be enough, you beast). At the end of the dance you send the girl—in duplicate—to The Adjutant General. Simple, no?

I am now working on a form that will permit men whose names begin with Z to get to the head of the line once in a while; also one that will enable any five privates to turn in their old sergeant for a new one. A brilliant feature of this process is that they grab the sergeant by his bottom line and send him—in the original—to The Adjutant General.

Yes, managing the complex machinery of an army is obviously the work I am cut out for, and I consider myself very lucky to have found it out. I face the years ahead with unbounded confidence (form 98 in quadruplicate—and keep The Adjutant General out of this).

Camp Upton, N. Y. —Pfc. MARTIN WELDON

CARE POSTMASTER

Oh, my love, we did not ask for much—
  A shabby furnished room, a door that squeaked,
Some gay chintz curtains and a mongrel pup
  That chewed up everything in sight and peeked
Around a chair with dancing button-eyes,
  A faded carpet, hamburgers and tea,
A creaky stair and sunshine on the floor;
  A little place where you could be with me.
We did not ask for much—a yellow lamp,
  The shade a bit askew, a china dish,
An old umbrella, daisies in a jar,
  A shining garbage pail, some books, a wish.
We asked for very little, but we find
That to young lovers War is never kind.

Fort Oglethorpe, Ga. —Pvt. JANE MURRAY

A GI POEM

Many a time I've meant to write
  Some verses of a mellow phase
Of mystic muse or rich moonlight
  Or excerpts from the childhood days.

But as I sit relaxed upon my bed
  Or at a desk in the day-room hall,
I casually listen to what is said
  About getting on that GI ball.

Restrictions there and KP here
  If we don't do this or do do that
Until my moods all disappear
  And leave me feeling low and flat.

The moon so full of love and song
  Fades as its glow turns cold and sad.
The artist plays his music wrong,
  And I lose all the hope I ever had.

The verses turn from sweet to sour;
  My spirit to the earth does soar.
Thus comes to the end an inspired hour
  For light has died, and I can write no more.

Paine Field, Wash. —Pfc. ANSEL E. GRAY

"It's not much—but I call it home."

—Sgt. Irwin Caplan, Fort Knox, Ky.

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SPORTS

By Sgt. DAN POLIER

YANK'S FOURTH SPORTS QUIZ FOR EXPERTS ONLY

HERE is YANK'S fourth sports quiz, a good proving ground for your knowledge of sports events and personalities. In scoring yourself, allow five points for every question you answer correctly. Eighty or more is excellent, 70 is good, 60 is fair, 50 is passing, 40 or below failure.

1. Name in the proper order the heavyweight champions between Gene Tunney and Joe Louis.

2. Who was known as the Georgia Peach? Bobby Jones, Young Stribling or Ty Cobb?

3. What major-league pitchers are identified by the following pitches: *(a)* screwball, *(b)* ephus ball, *(c)* gopher ball, *(d)* submarine ball?

4. What's his name? He's a college man whose alma mater isn't far from his home town, Penacook, N. H. He's back in college but not as a student, having retired voluntarily from baseball to coach an Ivy League team. He holds a lifetime batting average of .289 and has been in six World Series games. His nickname might infuriate a bull.

5. Bill Gallon was: *(a)* football coach, *(b)* baseball manager, *(c)* heavyweight champion, *(d)* trotting champion.

6. What major-league pitcher, now in the Navy, hurled a no-hit game on the opening day of the 1940 season?

7. What was the "Y" formation and what football team used it?

8. With what sports do you associate each of the following terms: *(a)* spoon, *(b)* clinch, *(c)* love?

9. Identify four famous boxers known by each of the following nicknames: *(a)* Toy Bulldog, *(b)* Wild Bull of Pampas, *(c)* Kingfish, *(d)* Bobcat.

10. What Swedish runner holds the world's record for the mile and what's his time?

11. Here's a list of foreign-born baseball stars. Can you name their native countries: *(a)* Alex Carrasquel, *(b)* Luis Olmo, *(c)* Bobby Estalella, *(d)* Jesse Flores?

12. What football team is No. 1 in Rose Bowl appearances?

13. What pitcher was the last 30-game winner in the major leagues?

14. Were either of the Louis-Pastor fights title bouts?

15. Jim Tobin of the Braves recently pitched his second no-hitter of the season, shutting out the Phils, 7-0, in five innings. Only one other pitcher worked two no-hitters in the same season. Who is he?

16. What Rose Bowl game wasn't played in the Rose Bowl, and what were the teams involved?

17. What major-league team hasn't won a pennant since the present two-league system was established?

18. On what college teams did the following All-Americans perform: *(a)* Clint Frank, *(b)* Vic Bottari, *(c)* Davey O'Brien, *(d)* Frank Sinkwich, *(e)* Nile Kinnick?

19. What year did Babe Ruth hit a record number of home runs, and while you're at it, how many did he hit?

← **20.** On the left is a familiar face in an unfamiliar setting. Who is he, and where is he now?

ANSWERS TO SPORTS QUIZ

1. Max Schmeling, Jack Sharkey, Primo Carnera. Max Baer, Jim Braddock. **2.** Ty Cobb. **3.** *(a)* Carl Hubbell, *(b)* Rip Sewell, *(c)* Lefty Gomez, *(d)* Elden Auker. **4.** Red Rolfe. **5.** Trotting champion. **6.** Bob Feller. **7.** The center passed the ball with his back to the opposing team. Used by Syracuse in 1941. **8.** *(a)* golf, *(b)* boxing, *(c)* tennis. **9.** *(a)* Mickey Walker, *(b)* Luis Firpo, *(c)* King Levinsky, *(d)* Bob Montgomery. **10.** Arne Anderson, who ran a 4:02.6 mile in Sweden last summer. **11.** *(a)* Venezuela, *(b)* Puerto Rico, *(c)* Cuba, *(d)* Mexico. **12.** Stanford University with eight appearances, 1902-25-27-28-34-35-36-41. **13.** Dizzy Dean in 1934. **14.** Yes, the second bout. **15.** Johnny Vander Meer. **16.** The 1942 Duke-Oregon State game, transferred to Durham, N. C. **17.** St. Louis Browns. **18.** *(a)* Yale, *(b)* California, *(c)* Texas Christian, *(d)* Georgia, *(e)* Iowa. **19.** 1927, 60 home runs. **20.** CPO Bob Feller (extreme left), now in the South Pacific as a Navy gun-crew chief.

SPORTS SERVICE RECORD

THE powerful Sixth Air Force (Panama) baseball team, featuring ex-Card **Terry Moore,** has been broken up by reassignment. . . . **CPO Gus Sonnenberg,** former heavyweight wrestling champ, is critically ill at the Bethesda (Md.) Naval Hospital. . . . **Lt. Glenn Dobbs,** who was scheduled to return to Randolph Field after finishing OCS, has been grabbed off by the Second Air Force and shipped to Colorado Springs to head its football team. Randolph Field is plenty burned up over the whole thing. . . . **Pvt. Beau Jack** has replaced **Pfc. George Pace,** ex-bantam champion, as the No. 1 boxer at the Fort Benning Reception Center. . . . **Boots Poffenberger** and **Gene Desautels,** a couple of ex-Tigers, are the punch behind the Parris Island Marine ball club, which has already won 17 straight. . . . **Mickey Walker, Tony Galento** and **Tom Meany,** the New York baseball writer, will round out the next USO overseas sports troupe. . . . **M/Sgt. Zeke Bonura,** who scouts GI talent in North Africa for the Minneapolis club, signed up two prospects recently, but lost both of them when they went into action in Italy. One boy, a southpaw pitcher, lost his left arm, and the other was badly wounded in the stomach. . . . Cincinnati's **Bert Haas** is serving in Italy.

Killed in action: **Sgt. Harold Hursh,** Indiana halfback of the late 30s and one of the finest passers in Big Ten history, during a bomber flight in the South Pacific. . . . *Wounded in action:* **Lt. Ike Peel,** blocking back on two Tennessee "bowl" teams, in the European fighting. . . . *Commissioned:* **Bill Hulse,** new U. S. 1,500-meter champion, as an ensign in the Navy; **Marshall Goldberg,** former Pitt and Chicago Cardinal halfback, as an ensign in the Navy. . . . *Ordered for induction:* **Rollie Hemsley,** first-string Yankee catcher, by the Army. . . . *Deferred:* **Al Lopez,** captain and catcher of the Pirates, because his draft board ruled baseball as an essential industry. . . . *Rejected:* **Don Black,** rookie Athletic pitcher, because of a heart murmur; **Claude Passeau,** 33-year-old Chicub right-hander, cause not disclosed.

DECORATION DAY. Maj. Gen. Nathan Twining pins the D F C on Fortress gunner Gregory Mangin at a Fifteenth AAF base in Italy. Mangin, one-time Davis cup star, also wears the Purple Heart.

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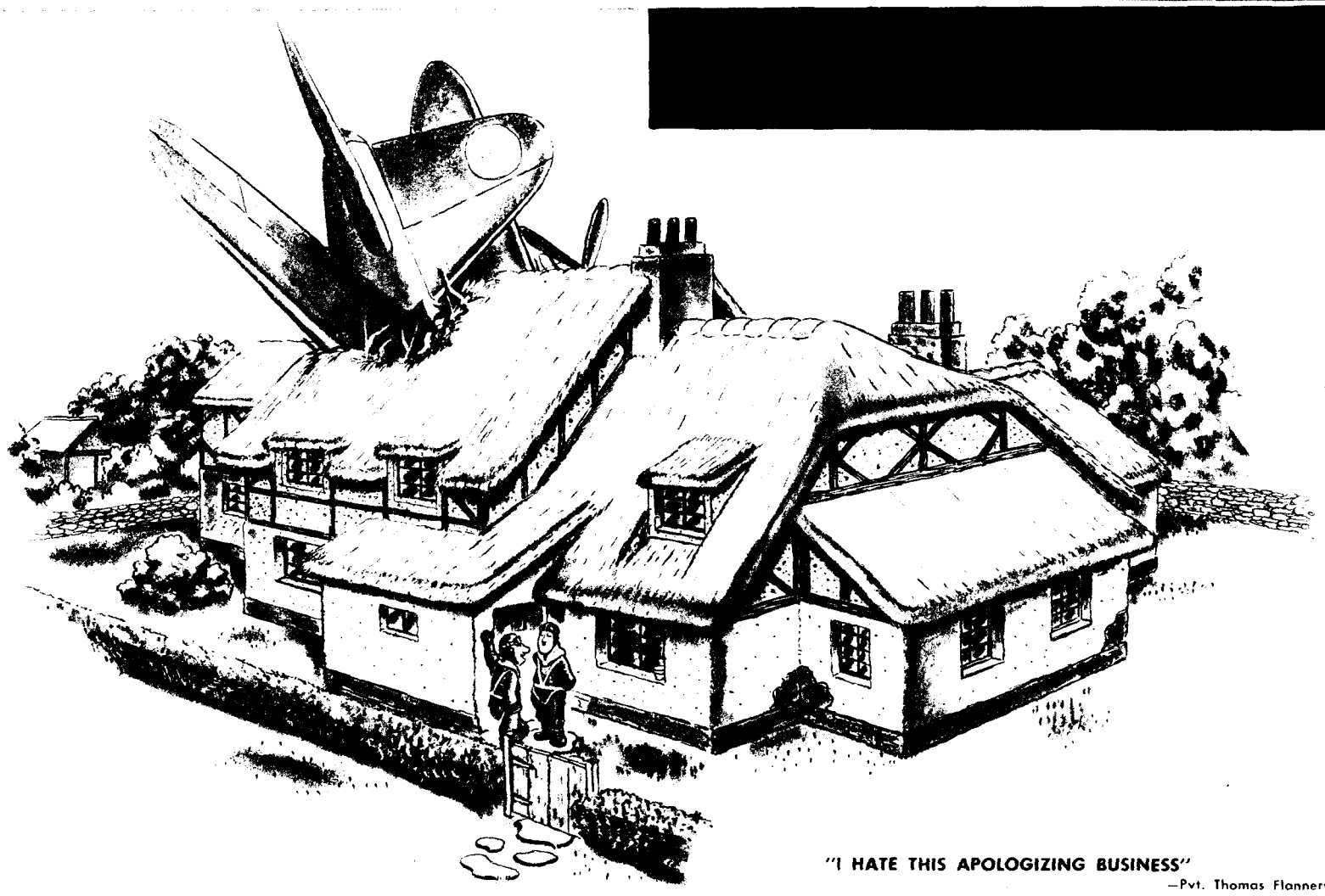

"I HATE THIS APOLOGIZING BUSINESS"
—Pvt. Thomas Flannery

"HE'S PROBABLY SOMEONE FROM THAT CAVALRY OUTFIT."
—Sgt. Charles Pearson

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"DID YOU HEAR THE RUMOR ABOUT RATINGS BEING FROZEN?"
—Cpl. Arnold Thurm

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